The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The December Bookman will be a Christmas Double Number—or we name it such from force of habit. It will, in fact, be at least a Quadruple Number. The Christmas Bookman last year was, by common consent, the best as well as the largest Christmas Number we had ever published, but we venture to think that this year's will surpass it in both respects. The pictorial contents will include a Presentation Plate Portrait of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, specially taken for this issue of The Bookman; a portfolio of beautiful colour pictures, and numerous full-page colour plates by well-known artists. The Number will be very fully illustrated throughout, and among the literary contents will be articles on "Rudyard Kipling," by Dixon Scott; "Meredith's Letters," by Dr. William Barry; "Meredith's Poems," by Mrs. Alice Meynell; "Loeb's Library," by Professor Postgate, Litt. D.; "Among my Books," by W. E. A. Axon; "Rodin," by Holbrook Jackson; "William Morris's collected Works," by Edward Thomas; "A Stepchild of the Czar," by George Sampson; "Fountains in the Sand," by Richard Curle; "Mrs. Gaskell's Birthplace," by Mrs. Ellis Chadwick, "Literature in Little," by W. H. Hudson; "Gissing," by Edwin Pugh, etc. There will be also a long article reviewing the new colour books; and, in addition to all our usual features, two large and lavishly illustrated Supplements dealing with the gift books and other new books of the season.

Sir A. Conan Doyle.
An original silhouette by E. O. Hoppé.

The price of the Christmas Number this year will be 2s. net. We would remind our readers of the advisability of placing their orders for it at once as, though we are printing an extra quantity, we anticipate that it will be out of print even earlier than usual.

For much assistance with the illustrations to our article on Sir A. Conan Doyle we are greatly indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and Mr. Greenhough Smith, the Editor of the *Strand Magazine*.

Photo by Rita Martin. **Lady Sybil Grant,**
whose remarkable book of stories, "The Chequer Board," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. F. E. Green, whose striking book "The Awakening of England" (Nelson) we reviewed last month, has written a further study of English rural conditions, "The Tyranny of the Countryside," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* is changing hands. It has been taken over by Messrs. Iliffe, of London and Coventry, and will appear under their proprietorship from January next. The new editor is Mr. Louis Vincent, who was formerly editor of the *London Magazine*.

Mr. Foulis is publishing this month a book by Mr. Edwin Pugh on "The Charles Dickens Originals." It is not so literal as its title seems to indicate, but aims at getting away from the literalness of most Dickens commentators and presenting a study of the man and his work, as well as a review of his characters and their prototypes.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing "Chronicles of Avonlea," by Miss L. M. Montgomery, in which the delightful "Anne Shirley" of "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea" plays some part. When she wrote "Anne of Green Gables" Miss Montgomery was a school teacher at Cavendish, in Prince Edward Island. Last year she was married to the Rev. Ewan Macdonald, and after a wedding trip to Alloa, in Scotland, they are settled down at the Manse, Leaksdale, in Ontario.

With the publication of "The Dop Doctor" Richard Dehan became at once a popular novelist; and the appearance of "Between Two Thieves" a few weeks ago proved to the satisfaction of critics and public that the writer of that remarkable South African story was not going to be a one-book author. But she had proved that already of course, for every one knows now that Richard Dehan is Miss Clo Graves, who has a long list of plays and novels to her name in the indispensable "Who's Who." She was born forty odd years ago in Ireland, where her father, Major W. H. Graves, of the 18th Royal Irish, held the post of Staff Officer of Pensioners. When she was nine years old her family emigrated to England. She had seen a good deal of barrack life, and at Southsea, where they went to live, she acquired a large knowledge of both services in the circle of naval and military friends they made there, and this knowledge is turned to account in "Between Two Thieves." In 1884, Miss Graves became an

Mrs. Schofield,
whose new novel, "Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess," published by Messrs. Duckworth, is reviewed on page 127.

Miss Clo Graves
at the age of 4.

Miss Clo Graves
at the age of 21.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

Miss Clo Graves
("Richard Dehan")
at the age of 34.

Art student and worked at the British Museum Galleries and the Royal Female School of Art, helping to support herself by journalism of the lesser kind, amongst other things drawing little pen and ink grotesques for the comic papers, *Judy* and *Fun*, that were owned and edited by her friends the Messrs. Gilbert and Charles Dalziel. She had begun to write for the same publications some years previously. By-and-by she resolved to take to dramatic writing, and being too poor, she says, to manage in any other way, abandoned Art and took an engagement in a travelling theatrical company, and in 1888 came her first chance as a dramatist. She was back in London, working vigorously at journalism, writing verse and articles for the *Illustrated London News*, and the *Lady's Pictorial*, when Augustus Harris needed somebody to write extra lyrics for a pantomime then in preparation, and Mr. Alfred Gibbons, editor of the *Lady's Pictorial*, sent her to him with a note of recommendation. It ended in Miss Clo Graves writing the pantomime of "Puss in Boots," the death of Blanchard having left the theatre at a loss for an author. Later, she was indebted to the generosity of Sir Augustus Harris for the production at a Drury Lane matinee of her first play, an eerie tragedy called "Nitooris," the scenes of which were placed, says Miss Graves, "like the allegory of Mrs. Malaprop, on the banks of the Nile." One of her plays, "The Mother of Three," brought Miss Graves not only high compliments but a sufficiency of coin, and lately, under the name of Richard Dehan, she has done work of larger scope and finer quality than ever before, for "after twenty years of trying," as she puts it, "I am beginning to know how to write."

Mr. Robert Halifax,
whose new novel, "A Slice of Life" Constable), is reviewed on page 119.

Messrs. E. C. & T. C. Jack have just published "A History of the British Nation," by Mr. A. D. Innes. It is a large book of a thousand pages, so written that it appeals "not to the school-master or the schoolboy primarily, but to everyone who understands or wishes to understand and enjoy our nation's story," and its amazingly cheap price brings it within the reach of all. It contains four hundred illustrations and maps, drawn almost exclusively from contemporary sources, which derive an additional value from a descriptive appendix by Mr. S. G. Stubbs, who has been entirely responsible for their selection and arrangement.

"Early Christian Visions of the Other

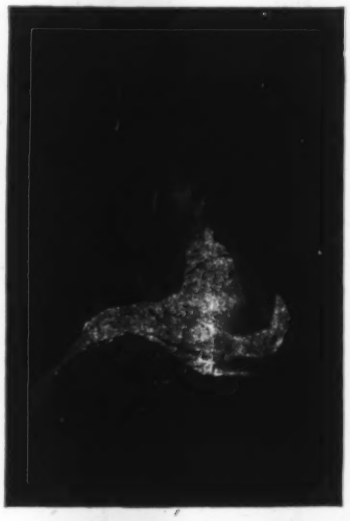
Miss Rosamond Napier,
whose new novel, "Tamsie," is reviewed on page 127.

World " is the title of a new book by Canon MacCulloch, D.D., author of " The Religion of the Ancient Celts." It will be published by the St. Giles's Printing Co., of Edinburgh.

Mr. J. M. Kennedy's " English Literature : 1880-1905 " is published by Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co. We are sorry that our reviewer last month erroneously named Mr. Martin Secker as the publisher.

Mr. John Murray announces a complete collection of the poetical work of Mr. Henry Newbolt.

In common with many other reviewers, we spoke of the author of " Windyridge," Mr. W. Riley, as a woman. We hear from Mr. Herbert Jenkins, the publisher, that when his readers reported on the novel they were under the same illusion, that he himself in accepting the work addressed the author as " Miss," and he admits that even now when he looks over the story, he is puzzled to understand how it can have been written by a man. Nevertheless, the author is of the sterner sex. He was born in 1866, and is the son of Mr. Joseph Riley, a Bradford stuff manufacturer and merchant. On leaving Bradford Grammar School he joined his father and elder brother in their business, but a little later developed a Slide publishing business, which was finally turned into a limited company, the shares in which are all held by members of his family. He is a Wesleyan Methodist ; a local preacher ; but has long made a sort of hobby of literature, and some while back contributed articles and short stories to various papers. He began to write " Windyridge " solely for the amusement of certain of his friends, and allowed the heroine, Grace Holden, to tell her own story ; he had no plot and no idea at the outset of what was going to happen from one chapter to another — he started Grace at the writing of her memoirs, and the tale grew naturally as she went on. The book has been compared to " Cranford," and has not only justified itself with the critics, but has caught on with the public, and is already in a third edition.



Miss St. Leger,
whose new novel, "The Blackberry Pickers," is published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. W. Riley
Author of "Windyridge." (Herbert Jenkins.)

Two months too late, unfortunately, for our special Colonial Number, we have received an interesting letter from Mr. Everard Browne, the son of " Rolf Boldrewood," who kindly encloses some notes of his father's career. " I found my father had your letter some time before he mentioned it to me, otherwise I would have replied sooner," writes Mr. Browne. " He is still, I am glad to say (at the age of eighty-six), in good health and wonderful spirits ; in spite of not being able to walk about much nowadays. He reads his own books now with great interest and amusement, and his diaries and sketches of years gone by. Luckily his eyesight has kept good, and he

Rolf Boldrewood, in 1909.

enjoys reading as much as ever, and is well able to amuse himself. His many old friends look him up when they are in town and give him a pleasant hour or two." As a novelist, Rolf Boldrewood is still a comparatively young author, for he dates his literary career from the publication of his first and most successful novel, "Robbery Under Arms," which he did not write until he was sixty-two. He had written only a few occasional sketches before that, and Mrs. Browne tells us this was how he happened to become an author: "My husband went to inspect a station which he thought of purchasing. After inspecting it, he went in quest of his horse, which he had turned loose, and it kicked him. He was laid up for a time, unable to walk, and devoted his enforced holiday to the writing of a sketch called 'A Kangaroo Drive,' which appeared in the *Cornhill*." Questioned about his own works, Rolf Boldrewood thinks their popularity is largely due to the fact that they are based on a long and intimate acquaintance with the country life of Australia, "which is, of course, its distinctive life." He has been a pastoralist, both in Victoria and New South Wales, and had been Police Magistrate in the Gold Fields and Commissioner before he wrote his first novel, and "the daring rogues who figured prominently in 'Robbery Under Arms,' were the sons of an employee of his. This man, transported for some early offence, possessed exceptional ability. He built the house which for a time we lived in, in the country, and he could do well whatever he took in hand. All his lads were daring. Fortunately for himself, one of them enlisted, served in South Africa, distinguished himself, won the Victoria Cross and, going home, married a lady of family."

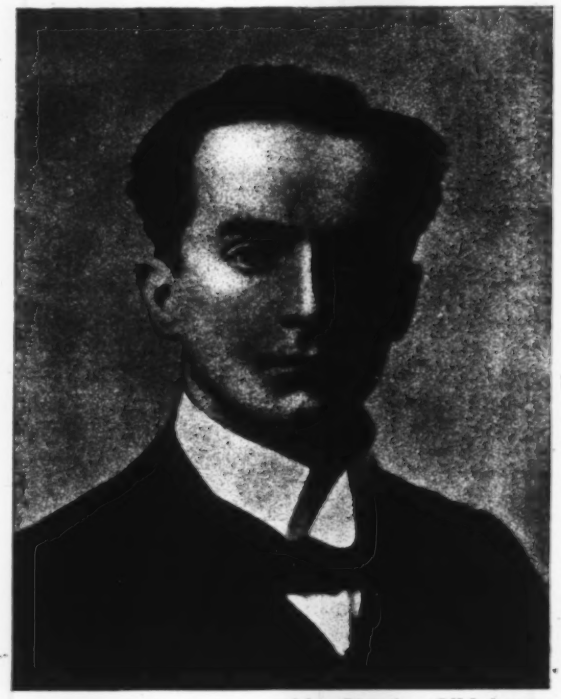
Rolf Boldrewood (1862).

Mrs. H. H. Penrose,
whose novel, 'Charles the Great" was published last month by Messrs. Methuen.

Miss Rose Boldrewood, the author of "Complications at Collaroi," thinks that where the painting of Australian life is concerned her father may prove a too formidable rival to her, and on this point Rolf Boldrewood remarks, "There is room for pictures

of Australian life from many standpoints. The tendency of Australian books, taken haphazard, is to give rather a false view of our country. So very many of them deal with the very undeveloped section of the community far back, and this section is, after all, a comparatively small one." That first sketch of Rolf Boldrewood's appeared in the *Cornhill* as far back as 1865, and "Robbery Under Arms" ran serially in the *Sydney Mail* in 1888. Almost as popular in Australia has been his "Old Melbourne Memories," which appeals especially to many veterans who "have lost their taste for lollies and novels." Son of the late Captain Sylvestre Browne, of the East India Company's service, Rolf Boldrewood was born in England on the 6th August, 1826, but "he is to all intents and purposes an Australian, for he came out to New South Wales in 1830. He was educated at the school of a Mr. Cape, in Sydney, and with Mr. Cape proceeded to Sydney College, of which that educationalist was head master. His schooldays were not unduly drawn out. At the age of seventeen he took a herd of cattle to the Port Fairy district of the then almost unknown Colony of Victoria, and from that time on the world has been his book and experience his teacher." In 1862, he married Miss Riley, daughter of William Edward Riley, of Raby, New South Wales; he has had five daughters, one of whom inherits much of his gift as a novelist, and four sons,

Photo by J. P. Bamber, Blackpool. **Mr. Joseph Whittaker.**
Author of "Far Off Fields."



Mr. Charles O'Mahony.
Author of "The Viceroys of Ireland" (John Long).

two of whom are still living—Mr. Everard Browne, of Melbourne, and Mr. Gerald Browne, who is partner in a firm of mining engineers in London.

It was in the Michaelmas week of 1812 that the publishing firm of Murray entered into occupation of their present premises at 50, Albemarle Street, thereafter to become one of the literary shrines of London. We congratulate Mr. John Murray, the fourth of his line, on this happy birthday of his House. What a change in literary times and manners those hundred years have seen! In 1812 the Peninsular War was in progress; Lord Liverpool became Prime Minister; and America declared war upon us. Earlier in the same year—in March, in fact—the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" had suddenly brought Byron's name into prominence. He had awoke and found himself famous. Since then Albemarle Street has been an intellectual centre of interest. In the drawing-room, which in those days was over the shop, for the present business premises at 50A were opened subsequently, such men as Byron, Scott, Tom Moore gathered; and among other great names connected with this House during its century are Gladstone, Disraeli, Borrow, Coleridge, Stanley, Livingstone, Milman, Darwin, and Dufferin. The House of Murray has a glorious history: founded in 1768, it is one of the oldest London publishing houses, and is still as vigorously alive and full of enterprise as the youngest.

Mr. Stewart Caven,
whose first novel, "Palmer's Green," Messrs. Putnam are publishing.

Mr. Charles O'Mahoney, whose book on "The Viceroys of Ireland" is published by Mr. John Long, has been engaged in London journalism since 1904 when he acted as dramatic critic for the *Daily Mirror*. He has since occupied a similar position on *Vanity Fair* and the *Sportsman*. Nowadays, at the age of twenty-eight, he is married and withdrawn into the country to devote himself entirely to literature. "The Viceroys of Ireland" is his first book; he is at present engaged upon a novel of Anglo-Irish life.

Mr. Joseph Whittaker, who has just issued a new book of poems, "Far Off Fields," is the author of four other books of verse and an admirable volume of short stories, "Tales of Tumblefold." He was born in 1871, and his "Tumblefold" stories are largely drawn from the life of Townwell Fold in Wolverhampton, where his early years were passed. He began life at the age of twelve as a pawnbroker's assistant, in the East End of Wolverhampton; and later whilst he was working as a warehouse clerk wrote much in verse for various papers, and in 1892 published his first volume by subscription. In 1897 he became a journalist on a Blackpool newspaper, and later was engaged for four years on the *Gazette News* of that town, and for nearly six on the *Blackpool Herald*. For the last five years he has been reporter in charge of the *Dartford Express*. In the interval he suffered much from ill health and the usual ups and downs that await the journalist, but continued the writing of stories and verse, and the publication of his books brought him many friends. In his pawnbroking days he wrote a sonnet on Faed's picture, "Milton's Dream," and subsequently Faed wrote to him warmly commending one of his volumes of poems; last year the late Sir Gilzean Reid, attracted by his journalistic work, took a special interest in his books, expressing himself "surprised to see how wonderfully fertile your mind has been and how rarely varied your literary gifts are." He went on to say that in the "Tales of Tumblefold," and in the poems he found "true poetic feeling, fine pathos, and a literary faculty which ought to get a better chance of being known more widely." He also wondered as others may be inclined to, "Why are the books produced in Blackpool and not on the housetops by a well-known London publisher? My experience is not favourable to local publishing of books."

Mr. Rex Beach, whose new romance, "The Net," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, has led the breezy, open-air, adventurous life that readers of "The Spoilers" "The Barrier," and others of his stirring, vigorous stories would naturally credit him with. He was born in Michigan, and later went to school at Florida, where his father was engaged in the business of growing oranges. In due course, he was sent to Chicago to study law, but preferred playing at football, assisted his team in winning the championship, and did great things as a record swimmer. He never took to the law; it bored him, and he was so little of a speaker that he says the only eloquence he developed was when he drove a dog team. Getting tired of his clients, he went gold-seeking into Alaska; then after trying various other enterprises, he embarked in the building line, and proceeded to erect chimneys, furnaces and power plants. He gave this up when he met a friend who was making a lot of money by writing fiction, and following his good example was soon a popular contributor to the American magazines and presently growing rich as the author of "The Spoilers," and other novels, and as a very successful playwright. He says he still feels that he ought to be digging somewhere or carrying something, and goes big game hunting from time to time in order to get rid of his superfluous energy.

Mr. Rex Beach,
whose new novel, "The Net," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

November 1st to December 1st, 1912.

Messrs. Allen & Co.

(Incorporated with Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

ADDY, S. O.—Church and Manor. With 40 Plans and Illustrations. 15s. net.
BRODIE, R. H.—Who Pays: The Real Incidence of Taxation. 1s. and 2s. 6d. net.
DUNKLEY, REV. PREBENDARY (Editor).—The Official Report of the Church Congress, 1912. 10s. 6d. net.
JOHNSON, REV. THEODORE (Editor).—Clergyman's Ready Reference Diary for 1913. All bindings with round corners. Pocket size: Cloth, limp, 3s. 6d.; roan, gilt edges, 5s.; roan, gilt edges, with pocket and tuck or flap and elastic band, 6s.
LOVEMAN, LEONORA.—The Snow Queen. (From Hans Andersen.) 6d. and 1s. net.
RUDD, EMILY A. (with Music by BRIDGE, SIR FREDERICK).—Christiana and Her Children. From "Christian's Progress." ("Standard Play" Series.) 6d. and 1s. net.
SCHULTZE, PROFESSOR RUDOLPH.—Experimental Psychology and Pedagogy. Translated by Rudolf Pitner, M.A. (Edin.), Ph.D. (Leipzig). With over 300 Illustrations. 15s. net.
STEEL, GRIZELLE S.—With Lute and Lyre. 10 full-page Illustrations and 6 in text. 3s. 6d. net.
STILLER, PROFESSOR.—Germanic Philology. Translated by Professor J. D. Jones. 4s. 6d. net.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

AMERY, L. S.—Union and Strength. 12s. 6d. net.
COLLIE, SIR JOHN, M.D.—Malingering. 7s. 6d. net.
SEDGWICK, ANNE DOUGLAS.—The Nest and other Stories. 6s.
STEWART, H. L., D.Ph.—Questions of the Day in Philosophy and Psychology. 10s. 6d. net.
WARE, FABIAN.—The Worker and His Country. 5s. net.

Mr. B. T. Batsford.

BATES, E. L., and CHARLESWORTH, F.—Practical Mathematics. 330 Illustrations.
BATES, E. L., and CHARLESWORTH, F.—Practical Geometry and Graphics. 600 Illustrations.
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Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BARRATT, THOMAS J., D.L.—The Annals of Hampstead. £3 3s. net.
DUHM, PROFESSOR BERNHARD.—Bibliothèque Rouge en Couleurs: Les Contes de ma Grand'mère, 2s. 6d. net; Eric, 2s. 6d. net.
DUHM, PROFESSOR BERNHARD.—Les Beaux Voyages: Indo-Chine, 2s. net; Tunisie, 2s. net.
DUHM, PROFESSOR BERNHARD.—The Twelve Prophets. Translated by Dr. Archibald Duff. 3s. 6d. net.
HEADLAM, CECIL, M.A.—France. ("The Making of the Nations" Series.) 7s. 6d. net.
McLEAN, ANGUS, B.Sc.—Practical Physics. Vol. I. 7s. 6d. net.
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MACPHERSON, HECTOR.—Scotland's Debt to Protestantism. With Portrait of the Author. 1s. net.
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QUILLER-COUCH, SIR A. T. ("Q").—Hocken and Hunken: A Tale of Troy. 6s.

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HASTINGS, REV. JAMES, M.A., D.D.—St. John (completion) and James to Jude. 2 Vols. ("Great Texts of the Bible" Series.) 10s. each, or Subscription price 6s. net each.
McLAREN, PROFESSOR WM. D., M.A.—Our Growing Creed.
VON HUGEL, BARON FRIEDRICH.—Eternal Life: A Study of its Implications and Applications.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CHAYTOR, H. J., M.A., and HARTY, W. G., M.A.—Matric. French Essays. 1s. 6d.
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BUTLER, SAMUEL (The Note Books of).—Selected, Arranged and Edited by Henry Festing Jones. With Photogravure Portrait from a Photograph taken in 1894 by Alfred Cathie; a Biographical Statement, Butler's Poems, and an Index. 6s. net.
TAYLOR, DR. J. LIONEL—The Nature of Woman: A Biological and Sociological Study. 3s. 6d. net.
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Mr. Henry Frowde.

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TENNYSON.—Tennyson's Poems. 91 Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net.
THOMPSON, SIR E. MANDO.—Introduction to Greek and Latin Palæography.
VINOGRADOFF, P.—Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History: Part V. St. André of Bordeaux, E. C. Lodge; Part VI. 100 Years of Poor Law Administration in a Warwickshire Village, A. W. Ashley. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Headley Bros.

"ANON."—*The Year 1912. Illustrated Souvenir Volume of the World's Great Events. 2s. 6d. net.
BRAITHWAITE, WM. C., B.A., LL.B.—*Concerning Religious Education. 1s. 6d. net and 1s. net.
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THE READER.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

By A. St. John Adcock.

I.

IF Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had been more of a conventional man of letters—if he had been just "a book in breeches," as Sidney Smith said Macaulay was—it would not be so difficult to know where to make a beginning when one sits down to write of him. But no author could be farther from being "all author" than he is; he is much too keenly interested in life to do nothing but write about it, and would, I am convinced, more than half agree with Byron in his scorn of "the mighty stir made about scribbling and scribes," and in his preference of doers to writers. He has read much, but he has lived more, as a novelist ought to, and has found the world a good and wholesome place because he has gone far enough out into it and has given so freely of his time and thought and sympathy to lives outside his own. Morbidity, cynicism, pessimism—these fretful little moods have no place in his books because they have none in his life; he is essentially a big man and writes always like himself, with a complete freedom from affectation, a naturalness, a vigour and breadth of outlook that cannot be developed within the four walls of any study. "One of the singular characteristics of the present age," he remarked to me recently, "is a wave of artistic and intellectual insanity breaking out in various forms in various places. If it stops where it is it will be merely a curious phenomenon. If it is a spreading movement it may be the beginning of vast human changes. It attracted Max Nordau's attention twenty years ago, when he wrote 'Degeneration.' But look at the strides it has taken since then! It is the difference between queerness and madness, between Pre-Raphaelites and Post-Impressionists, between Wagner's operas and Elektra, between the French Symbolists and the Italian Futurists. One should put one's shoulder to the door to keep out insanity, for it threatens to submerge us. It is something akin to the grotesque Byzantine art which pushed out the splendid Classical styles, but it is more insane than anything Byzantine. Perhaps in Art as in History a sort of French Revolution is due from time to time, odious in itself, and yet inaugurating a new and better era formed rather as a reaction against it than as a direct consequence of it. There is no need for this extravagance, for surely there is plenty of scope for originality without going over the borders of reason. That is why Tennyson seems to me so great. His head was among the stars, but his feet were always firm planted on the ground."

This is the masculine, courageous, healthful spirit which breathes through all that Conan Doyle has written. He does not shrink from facing the darker facts of existence, but he has known them too nearly to take them at their surface value, and he has none of the fussy, self-important, warped views or little eccentricities and posturings of the little literary man who is merely literary. Very characteristic of him is this reflection in "The Tragedy of the Korosko"—"When you see the veil of cruelty which nature wears, try and peer through it, and you will sometimes catch a glimpse of a very homely, kindly face behind"; and equally so are the words put into the mouth of Lord Roxton, in "The Lost World"—"There are times, young fellah, when every one of us must make a stand for human right and justice, or you never feel clean again."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir A. Conan Doyle.**

A corner of the billiard room at Windlesham, Crowborough.
Specially taken for *The Bookman*.

Such a time came to himself, you may depend,

Sir A. Conan Doyle
At the age of 4.

Sir A. Conan Doyle
At the age of 14.

when, convinced that George Edalji had been unjustly convicted, he published the results of his own inquiry into his case and would not rest or be silenced until it was re-opened and Mr. Edalji proved innocent and set at liberty; it came again when he threw everything else aside and went out to the Boer War as Honorary Senior Physician of the Langman Field Hospital, and wrote that striking pamphlet which was distributed in hundreds of thousands all over the world in defence of the British cause; it came again when his passionate hatred of tyranny and wrong moved him to champion the martyred natives of the Congo; and now again when he has taken up the case of Oscar Slater and is pleading for a re-trial of the man who is serving a life-sentence for a murder that Sir Arthur demonstrates by a masterly review of the evidence was never brought home to him.

There is no need to say more at this time of his patriotic services in South Africa that were to some extent recognised by the accolade; nor of his strenuous fights in the interests of justice at home; these things are within the knowledge of nearly all of us; but I doubt if many of us realize yet what humanity owes him for the noble, disinterested work he has done in the Congo. My view counts, of course, for nothing on such a subject, so I have gone to one who is better qualified to speak of it than almost anyone living, and Mr. E. D. Morel has been kind enough to send me this authoritative note:

"In the spring of 1909," says Mr. Morel, "the Congo reform movement found itself confronted with considerable difficulties. It had succeeded after eight years' efforts in wiping the 'Congo Free State' from the map of Africa, and in suppressing the more odious of the abuses inflicted for so long upon the unhappy Congolese. But the British Government, with all the trumps in its hand, had committed the grave mistake of permitting the Belgian annexation to go through on terms which ensured the perpetuation, under the Belgian flag, of the same evil system of administration which had flourished under King Leopold's personal rule. The policy which laid an embargo upon the soil's products and compelled the natives to pass their lives in collecting those products—chiefly rubber—for the benefit of the administration, or of financial groups allied with it, remained. Moreover, the British Government, which, three months after annexation took place, had seemed to recognise its error and had indited an admirable despatch to Belgium demanding 'immediate' changes; had suddenly and unaccountably weakened. Its demand had been treated with something like open derision by the Belgian Government, and this, far from having a stiffening effect, had apparently resulted in producing vacillation and timidity. For months, appeals to the Foreign Office from all quarters had fallen on deaf ears, and when an irritated House of Commons had interpreted the views of an astonished and irritated public, the Foreign Secretary had delivered an alarmist speech plainly intended to damp down the movement. This the Congo Reform Association had not the least intention of permitting, if it could help it, and it set to work to remove the fears which Sir Edward Grey's speech had created. But some people had become frightened, others whose views were superficial were inclined to quiet themselves with the illusion that everything was bound to come right now that the Belgian Parliament had replaced King Leopold as arbiter of the fate of the Congo peoples, while hostile elements were proportionately gratified. It was at this critical juncture that one day the post brought me a warm letter from Conan Doyle. We met for the first time shortly afterwards in the smoking-room of a London hotel. I talked. He listened—mostly. Before we parted he had

Sir A. Conan Doyle and his father, the late Charles Doyle.

From a photo taken in May, 1865.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Windlesham. Front view of Sir A. Conan Doyle's house at Crowborough, Sussex.

offered to write a short popular booklet summarising once more the most piteous tragedy of modern times, to hand any profits he might make out of its sale to the Association, and to respond to my call, when I made it, to address a number of large meetings we were organising for the autumn. I came away deeply stirred by the magnetism of his personality; touched and grateful. Here was a friend, indeed! And right well did he prove it in the days that were to come. I pitched all my voluminous scribblings at his head and he set himself to master every detail of a most complicated and protracted struggle. For a couple of weeks, hardly a day passed without a letter from him. Then, when he had probed the whole thing to the bottom, he shut himself up in his study and worked like a demon, hardly giving himself time to shave, as he put it. He wrote the book right off in a week. 'I finished my book to-day: 45,000 words in eight days, one of which I spent in London. I think it is about a record.' 'The Crime of the Congo' he called it. I shall always be proud to think he dedicated it to me. It was just what was wanted, had a tremendous sale, was widely reviewed, and was translated into German and French. The closing words of the Introduction breathed the spirit of the man: 'If all Europe frowned upon our enterprise, we should not be worthy to be the sons of our fathers if we did not go forward on the plain path of national duty.' The book came out in September. On the 7th November we faced together an audience of 3,000 people in the Town Hall at Newcastle. On the 18th we spoke at Plymouth at the Guildhall, which was packed, hundreds being shut out. On the 19th we attended the wonderful demonstration at the Albert Hall, over which the Archbishop of Canterbury presided. On the 23rd we were speaking in the Artillery Hall at Hull, on the 24th at the Sun Hall in Liverpool, on the 25th in the Synod Hall at Edinburgh—where Doyle received an ovation—and on the 26th in the Town Hall at Manchester. A week crowded with glorious life. I can feel the thrill of it now. In every case the audience was very large, going up to 5,000 in Liverpool. Doyle's intervention at that time exercised a decisive influence on the course of events. It provided the best antidote possible to the reactionary influences at work against us. It effectually prevented that most fatal of all diseases to a movement of this sort, public lassitude. Yet it was not his book—excellent as it was, nor his manly eloquence on the platform, nor the influence he wielded in rallying influential men to our cause, which helped us most. It was just the fact that he was—Doyle; and that he was with us. I do not think any other man but Doyle could have done for the cause just what Doyle did at that time. His whole personality appeals to some of the finest and most robust qualities in the race. And the mere fact that he had flung himself so whole-heartedly into this great human cause was in itself a tremendous uplift for that cause, an immeasurable asset. From that day to this his interest has never flagged. Whenever he has felt that he could put in a useful word he has done so effectively, going to the root of the particular situation which required elucidating with his simple straightforward diction. Now that we are nearing the end of a long fight, he shares in our satisfaction and makes light of his own efforts in those critical years, 1909–10. Of his generous friendship to myself, I can only say that the memory of it will never fade."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

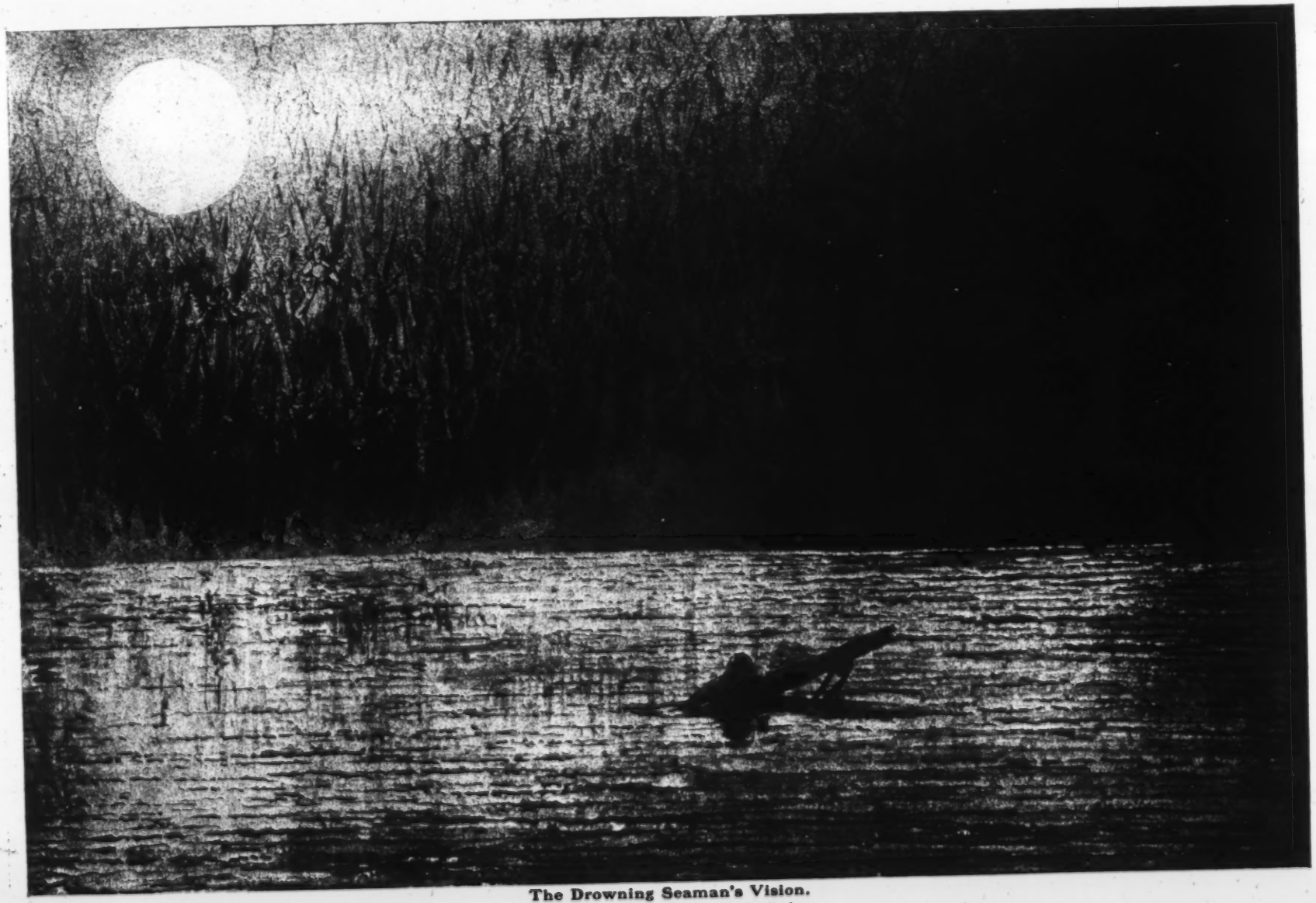
Windlesham, Crowborough. From the garden at the back of the house.

Photo by Lallie Charles. **Lady Conan Doyle.**

These and other such activities may seem outside a consideration of Sir Arthur Doyle's work in literature, but they are not, any more than his enthusiastic love of sport is, for you find their bracing influence everywhere in his books: in the details of some of his stories, the vigour and directness of his style, his healthful, broad outlook and his genial, charitable, sane philosophy of life. He is a man of action, a lover of the open air, and the qualities that keep a writer's blood sound prevent his ink from getting muddy and slow. Sir Arthur plays as strenuously as he works: he has tasted the delights of battle with his peers at football, cricket, golf; he has made a balloon journey and an aeroplane ascent, introduced ski-ing into the Grisons division of Switzerland, did excellent work in the opening up of miniature rifle ranges when that idea was still young in this country; he can hold his own with the foils, and is a formidable boxer; he is a fisherman in the largest sense, for he has been whaling in the Arctic Seas, he used not long ago to ride to hounds, and is a good shot, but he denies that horse racing is sport, and says in "Some Recollections of Sport," that he contributed to the *Strand Magazine*, "I cannot persuade myself that we are justified in taking life as a pleasure. To shoot for the pot must be right, since man must feed, and to kill creatures which live upon others (the hunting of foxes, for example) must be right, since to slay one is to save many; but the rearing of birds in order to kill them, and the shooting for amusement of such sensitive and inoffensive animals as hares and deer cannot, I think, be justified." Boxing he ranks as the finest single-man sport, and Rugby football as the best collective one. He regards the old prize-ring as "an excellent thing from a national point of view, exactly as glove fighting is now. Better that our sports should be a little too rough, than that we should run a risk of effeminacy." And it is certainly to his personal experience of boxing and his large acquaintance with the history of the prize-ring that we owe his novel of "Rodney Stone," and his play of "The House of Temperley."

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **Sir A. Conan Doyle.**

Just as you find Sir Arthur's everyday doings reflected in his books, so you find them reflected in and about his pleasant house at Crowborough. In the hall hangs the mud-encrusted cricket-bat, with which he made a century, on a wet wicket, in the very first match he played at Lords; in one room is a beautiful silver statuette of Lord Roberts, presented to him by the members of the Langman Hospital staff in recognition of the work he did during the Boer War; and in another, again in spontaneous recognition of his national services in South Africa, is the silver bowl subscribed for by Sir Arthur's neighbours (and the grooms and gardeners of his neighbours), when he was living at Hindhead; here hangs a blood-smeared bandolier taken from a soldier who was killed in battle on the veldt; there, a haversack containing a set of cheap chess-men. This too is a relic of the Boer War. As Sir Arthur was riding with a small party across country, they were stopped by a native who told them a dead or dying Englishman lay some little distance aside, and they found a soldier, dead of his wounds, with one of the pawns out of this haversack of his clasped between a finger and thumb. Trophies of sport are on many of the walls, and pictures of famous prize-fighters and prize-fighting; in one of the windows is a large bust of Sherlock Holmes, modelled in clay and sent to the author by an unknown admirer from Manchester; and, to say nothing of many other similar mementoes, on the floor of the billiard room stand two huge fossil-feet of the prehistoric Iguanodon, and on the table above them is the flint head of an arrow that has survived from the Stone Age. It was the discovery of these relics on the downs that stretch for miles before his own door that set Sir Arthur's imagination at work on the period to which they belong and resulted in the creation of the astonishing Professor



The Drowning Seaman's Vision.

From a water-colour painting by Charles Doyle.

Charles Doyle (Sir A. Conan Doyle's father) was the brother of Richard Doyle (the *Punch* artist), and son of John Doyle ("H.B.") the caricaturist.

Sir A. Conan Doyle's two younger sons, Denis and Adrian.

Challenger, the sending of him and his search-party to that almost inaccessible plateau in the wilds of South America which they find still inhabited by men and animals of the prehistoric type, and, in a word, in the writing of "The Lost World," which is at once one of the most realistic and one of the most romantic of his books—its wildest imaginings wearing an air of sheer reality from the Defoë-like, matter-of-fact manner of their narration.

II.

Born at Edinburgh, in 1859, Conan Doyle had commenced writing stories of adventure by the time he was six, and it was natural that he should illustrate these productions with pen and ink drawings of his own; for he was born into a very atmosphere and world of art. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the well-known political caricaturist who for over thirty years concealed his identity from the public under the initials "H.B."; his father, Charles Doyle, and three of his uncles were artists, one of them being that Richard Doyle whose name is inseparably associated with the early years of *Punch*. But anyone who has seen the remarkable water-colour paintings of Charles Doyle will wonder that he should have remained so little known to the world at large; they have a fantasy and grace that at times remind one of the work of Richard Doyle, but they have at times, too, an imaginative grimness, a sense of the eerie and the terrible that lift them beyond anything Richard Doyle ever attempted; and you find this same imaginative force, this same bizarre sense of the weird and terrible in certain of Sir Arthur Doyle's stories—in "The Hound of the Baskervilles," in some of the shorter Sherlock Holmes tales, in many of the "Round the Fire Stories," and some of those in "Round the Red Lamp."

Sir A. Conan Doyle and his youngest son.

From a snapshot taken at Bournemouth.

In 1881, after five years of medical studentship at Edinburgh University, Conan Doyle secured his diploma, and a year later, after a voyage to West Africa, he started as a medical practitioner at Southsea. But all through his student days he was giving his leisure to literary work, and in one of the professors at Edinburgh, Dr. Joseph Bell, a man of astonishing analytical and deductive powers, he found the original from whom, in due course, Sherlock Holmes was to be largely drawn. His first published story, a romance based on an old Kaffir superstition, appeared in *Chambers's Journal* in 1878 and brought him three guineas; but it was not until nine years later when "A Study in Scarlet," came out in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* for 1887, that Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson made their first appearance in print. During ten years of hard work as medical student and practitioner Conan Doyle had been going through the usual experience of the beginner in literature; he had suffered innumerable rejections, had contributed short stories to the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *Belgravia*, and other of the magazines, and never in any year had his literary earnings exceeded fifty pounds. His first long novel, that great romance of the Monmouth rebellion, "Micah Clarke," after being rejected on all hands, was sent to Messrs. Longmans and accepted for them by Andrew Lang, whom Sir Arthur looks upon as one of his literary godfathers, James Payn being the other. "I used to send all my short stories to Payn," he says, "but not more than one in six found favour. As his writing was absolutely illegible, each answer of his gave rise to a long period of horrible anxiety, trying to discover if it was acceptance or rejection. In one letter I could only make out three words, which were 'infringement of copyright,' and to this day I do not know what that particular letter was about."

"Micah Clarke" appeared in 1889, and was followed in the same year by another Sherlock Holmes story, "The Sign of Four." In 1890 Messrs. Chatto & Windus published "The Firm of Girdlestone," and "The White

"The dying gladiator listened with intent interest."
From "Through the Magic Door." (Smith, Elder.)

"I saw the figure of a man upon the tor."
From "The Hound of the Baskervilles." (Smith Elder.)

"I looked back and waved the blood-stained sabre in the air."
From "The Adventures of Gerard." (Smith, Elder.)

"They shouted and stamped and raved in their delight."
From "Rodney Stone." (Smith, Elder.)

Scenes from four of Sir A. Conan Doyle's books.

Company" began its serial appearance in the *Cornhill*. Shortly afterwards, taking his courage in both hands, Sir Arthur resigned his practice at Southsea and came to London. Presently, after practising for a while as an eye specialist, the success, in their widely differing kinds, of "The White Company," and "Sherlock Holmes," decided him to abandon medicine and devote himself wholly to literature. He had endured the usual weary and unlucrative waiting of the youthful specialist, and often declared, in after days, that he had not deserted his profession until it had deserted him.

Sir A. Conan Doyle at the wicket—bowled by A. P. Lucas.
Reproduced from the *Strand Magazine*, by permission.

There can be no question that the Sherlock Holmes stories were largely responsible for the early popularity of the *Strand;* the ordinary rates of the magazine were paid for them at first, but it was not long before Sir Arthur was receiving very substantial sums for the serial use of each story. I am not attempting any detailed criticism here, but shall content myself with a summary of the work Sir Arthur Doyle has accomplished in the twenty-five years since he wrote his first book and an indication of the wide scope and variety of that work by ranging it in the separate series into which it naturally falls, as thus:

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Sir A. Conan Doyle in his Study.

Specially taken for *The Bookman*.

Police or sensational romances.—"A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of Four," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," "The Firm of Girdlestone."

Historical novels.—"Sir Nigel," and its sequel (though it was written first), "The White Company"; these two covering the period between 1340 and 1360; "Micah Clarke" (1679), "The Refugees" (1670), "Rodney Stone" (1804). Then come four novels fashioned round the glamorous figure of Napoleon, "The Great Shadow," "Uncle Bernac," "The Adventures of Brigadier Gerard," "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," and a romance of modern Egypt, "The Tragedy of the Korosko."

Then there are short novels of modern life, and books of short stories, such as "The Doings of Raffles Haw," and "The Parasite"; "A Duet, and an Occasional Chorus," dealing with the domestic humours and emotions of average lives; "The Green Flag"; "Round the Fire Stories"; "The Lost Galley"; the collection of medical stories in "Round the Red Lamp"; "The Stark Munro Letters," again reminiscent of their author's medical experiences, and vividly and realistically revealing the thoughts and opinions of a young man on life and the world in which he is living; one book of literary criticisms, "The Magic Door"; two of poetry, "Songs of Action," and "Songs of the Road"; and one notable volume of history, "The Great Boer War." Also, besides the books and pamphlets on "The Crime of the Congo," the Edalji and Slater cases, and the Boer War, there are the plays: "Halves"; "A Story of Waterloo," in which Irving made one of his great successes as Corporal Brewster; "The Fires of Fate" (a dramatic version of

From a photo by E. O. Hoppé, specially taken for "The 'Bookman."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

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"The Tragedy of the Korosko"); "The House of Temperley," "The Speckled Band" (a Sherlock Holmes adventure), and "Sherlock Holmes," which was dramatised by Mr. William Gillette, who himself played the title rôle.

When Mr. Gillette was constructing his drama he had thoughts of introducing a love element into it, and cabled over to Sir Arthur asking: "May I marry Sherlock Holmes?" and though the notion must have come as something of a shock to Holmes's creator, he promptly cabled back, "You may marry him, or murder him, or do what you like with him." So far from sharing Dickens's horror of seeing his stories on the stage, Sir Arthur confesses that when he saw Sherlock Holmes before the footlights he was interested and delighted with what Mr. Gillette made of him.

But then his Sherlock Holmes stories are not those that are nearest to their author's heart; his own preference is for "Sir Nigel," and "The White Company"—these, in his regard, are "the least unsatisfactory" of his books; and many of us share his preference, and some of us do not hesitate to place these two beside the great English historical romances, not far, indeed, from "The Cloister and the Hearth," which Sir Arthur names as the greatest historical romance in the language.

Sherlock Holmes and twelve scenes from his career.

The sketches in this composite picture, except for one by Simpson and one by Twidle, were drawn by Sidney Paget, and are reproduced by permission of the *Strand Magazine*.

Howbeit, there is no getting away from Sherlock Holmes; he has won the suffrages of the million, and in point of popularity at least leads all the rest. He has had scores of imitators—but where are they now? Not since Pickwick was born has any character in fiction taken such a hold on the popular imagination and so impressed the world in general with a sense of his reality. He is commonly spoken of as if he were a living person; there are tales of how actual detectives have made a study of his methods; and when in 1904, it was announced that he was about to retire into private life and devote himself to bee-keeping, letters poured in, some addressed to Sir Arthur Doyle, but most of them directed to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq.," care of the author, at Hindhead, expressing regret at this decision, and several applying for employment in his service. One of those to Sir Arthur ran:

"Will Mr. Sherlock Holmes require a housekeeper for his country cottage at Xmas? I know some one who loves a quiet country life, and Bees especially—an old-fashioned, quiet woman.

"Yours faithfully, etc."

And here are two of those, evidently written in all seriousness, to "Sherlock Holmes, Esq.," himself:

"DEAR SIR,—I trust I am not trespassing too much on your time and kindness by asking for the favour of your

autograph to add to my collection. I have derived much pleasure from reading your Memoirs, and should very highly value your famous signature. Trusting you will see your way to thus honour me, and venturing to thank you very much in anticipation, I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,
etc.

"*P.S.*—Not being aware of your present address, I am taking the liberty of sending this letter to Sir A. Conan Doyle, asking him to be good enough to forward it to you."

The other is from a professional lecturer and apiarian specialist:

"DEAR SIR,—I see by some of the morning papers that you are about to retire and take up bee-keeping. I know not if this be correct or otherwise, but if correct I shall be pleased to render you service by giving any advice you may require. I make this offer in return for the pleasure your writings gave me as a youngster, they enabled me to spend many and many a happy hour, therefore I trust you will read this letter in the same spirit that it is written."

There is something curiously charming in that letter; its sincere, spontaneous gratitude is an infinitely better thing than the most laudatory criticisms written by those who sit in the judgment seats. I forgot to ask Sir Arthur whether in replying to this and others he made it clear that Sherlock Holmes could not oblige them because, in the words of Mrs. Gamp, "there ain't no sich person"; but I hope he did not. The story is told of a number of French schoolboys who were brought over to London upon a sight-seeing expedition. On being asked what they would like to see first —Westminster Abbey or the Tower — they unanimously declared that they would prefer to go to Baker Street and see the rooms of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

Statuette of Professor Challenger, the hero of Sir A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "The Lost World."

III.

"Through the Magic Door" gives you glimpses of the days when Conan Doyle was a struggling beginner in literature. Discussing the books on his library shelves, he picks out certain of them, each one of which, bought in student days when he was not affluent, it had cost him a lunch to buy, and he selects Macaulay's "Essays" as the one that had given him "most pleasure and most profit." Next to this, among books that have influenced his life, he puts the work of Poe, "the world's supreme short story writer"—"the inventor of the detective story." He was fascinated too by Marbot's "Memoirs," and later, has found hints in him and them towards the character and dashing, dare-devil exploits of his own Brigadier Gerard. He has a fine enthusiasm for the "glorious brotherhood of Scott's novels," and delights alike in the "Border Ballads," and Macaulay's "Lays," because of their swing and dash, their strength and simplicity, their love of all that is manly and noble and martial. These and a good story are the qualities

E. D. Malone (*Daily Gazette*) | Professor Summerlee, F.R.S. | Professor G. E. Challenger, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. | Lord John Roxton.

The members of the Exploring Party.

From a photograph by William Ransford, Hampstead.
From "The Lost World," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield. **The Fight at Crawley Down.**

Captain Temperley, **Mr. Charles Maude**, *Gloster Dick*, **Mr. Reginald Davis.**

A scene from Sir A. Conan Doyle's drama, "The House of Temperley."

have the enviable power of making the solid things in life the subjects of their novels without spoiling the novel. I have no such power. I only wish I had. It is true that in 'The Stark Munro Letters' I drew the solid side of a modern young man's mind. But that is an exception. I should only bore people if I wrote fiction about the things to which I have devoted most thought and work: the reform of the divorce laws, the Congo question, criminal reform, and the like. That was one of Charles Reade's great gifts—to make the actual interesting."

I recalled whilst he was speaking that preface to the collected edition of his works published a few years ago, in which Sir Arthur frankly sets forth his own conception of the art of fiction, and some extracts from it are a better commentary than any I could make on the whole of his work as a novelist, for he has all along carried his theory into practice. His conception of the art of fiction, then, is that "our treatment may be as wide as the heavens and as broad as the earth, if it does but attain the essential end of *interest*. All methods and schools, romance and realism, symbolism that appeal to him, especially in a work of fiction. He will never write a problem novel. If he is roused to denounce some injustice, to attempt the righting of some wrong, he takes the most direct and downright way of doing it, attacks it in the straightest possible fashion, and will not wait to build fictions about it and undermine it with a tale. As a novelist, he is a novelist pure and simple, and no preacher or political or social reformer. "I have always envied the men who had definite views on art and messages for their age, and that sort of thing," he said the other day; "it must make for a tidy mind and a clean-cut life. I fear I never had any particular views or mission. I have had the one humble idea to have a story to tell, to tell it as clearly as I could, never to be redundant or to wander from the line, and to interest others by trying so far as possible, to write about the things which interest myself. It is a simple rule of life, and I have had no other. I have been an omnivorous and rapid reader all my life, with a fairly retentive memory for general facts, though not a very good one for accurate detail. This has given me a fair sized quarry out of which to get my stones. Some authors

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield. **Colonel Egerton attempts to save Sadie Adams.**

COLONEL E. (Mr. Lewis Waller): "My God! I can't stand this!" (rushes on the Arab Chief, who strikes him down). "Curse you, you brute! You brute!"

SADIE (Miss Evelyn D'Alroy): "Oh, auntie, auntie! They have killed him!"

A scene from Sir A. Conan Doyle's play, "The Fires of Fate," which was founded on his novel, "The Tragedy of the Korosko."

and naturalism, have the one object in view—to interest. They are all good so far as they attain that, and all useless when they cease to do so. . . . Within the bounds of morality all methods are legitimate. . . . You are right to make your book adventurous, you are right to make it theological, you are right to make it informative or controversial or idyllic, or humorous, or grave, or what you will, but you *must* make it interesting. That is essential—all the rest is detail. . . . But there comes the obvious retort, 'You say interesting — interesting to whom?' The difficulty is not a really great one. The higher and more permanent work has always been interesting to all. The work which is the cult of a clique, too precious for general use, must be wanting in some quality. . . . Take the most honoured names in our literature, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Reade, Poe, they do not interest one or other social stratum, but they appeal equally to all educated readers. If you were to make a list of the works of fiction which have proved their greatness by their permanence, and by the common consensus of mankind, you would find that no narrow formula would cover them . . . the only point which they have in common is that each of them holds the attention of the reader. . . . The life of a writer of fiction has its own troubles, the weary waiting for ideas, the blank reaction when they have been used, worst of all the despair when the thought which had seemed so bright and new goes dull and dark in the telling. But surely he has in return some claim to hope that if he can but interest his readers he fulfils the chief end of man in leaving others a little happier than he found them."

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield. **Sir A. Conan Doyle.**

The scene, in which Sir Arthur is seated, is the doctor's consulting room in his play, "The Fires of Fate." The photo was taken on the stage during rehearsals.

Just now Sir Arthur confesses that he is passing through one of those periods of "weary waiting for ideas." He cannot work on a system; he has not Trollope's gift for sitting at his desk and turning out a regulation number of words for two or three hours a day, week in and week out, all round the year. Like Herrick, he finds that when the good spirit goes from him there is nothing for it but to wait:

> "the fancy cools, till when
> That brave spirit comes again;"

but when it comes and the idea takes him he works every day at high pressure till the book is ended. Which is not to say that in the interval he is idle. At present, he is busy enough with the Slater Case, and the Divorce Reform Commission, but he has no settled plans for the future yet, except that he is quite resolved never again to stand for Parliament (I could have foretold that myself; for it is simply impossible to imagine such a man cramped in the strait jacket of the party politician), and, unless he is somehow moved to alter his mind, he will not relate any more of the memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. The character of Professor Challenger has greatly tickled his own fancy, and acting upon the rule which he has laid down above he is tempted to trace some further adventures which befell that formidable scientist after his return from the Lost World.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original Fairy Tale with a moral touching on some prominent topic of the day.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—More Lyrics than ever have been sent in this month, but the general quality of them has not been so good as usual. We should divide the prize and award half of it to Miss Dorothy Poole but for the small technical flaws in her first, second and fourth verses. As it is, we award the PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA to Mr. G. J. Holme, of Enderley, Malvern, for the following:

Richard Doyle, of *Punch*.
Uncle of Sir A. Conan Doyle.

LOVE IN AUTUMN.

The first faint waft of the breath of the Lady of Spring came over
The slopes of the hills and the valleys, and made the meadow ways burn
With the gleam of the buttercups' gold, and honey-sweet brought to the clover,
And touched the may into flower, and kindled the heart of the fern.
And the flute of the cuckoo was heard from the heart of the leafy places,
And the jubilant Spirit of Spring ran riot in herbage and tree,
Made sweeter the song of the birds, and quickened the barren spaces,
And brought fresh hope to the earth, and love to you and me.
But now the Autumn is here, and wind thro' the woodland is sighing,
And sere are the leaves, and sere and vain is the love that we knew.
Ah me! in the light of a Spring where the flowers of life are undying,
Shall we find our blossom of love grown perfect of flower, and true?

G. J. HOLME.

We select for printing:

HAY-MAKING.

Sweet-scented grass falling over my scythe,
Sad though you may be to die to-day,
One thought I give you to make you blythe
Someone is coming this way;
Blessed by the feet of her
Scent the air sweet for her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay.

Butterflies bright flitting over the grass
Gay though you look in the sun to-day,
There is a beauty that yours will surpass,
For someone is coming this way;
Make the world bright for her,
Paid by the sight of her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay.

Blow from the river you cool summer breeze,
Toilers have need of your breath to-day;
Waft all the fragrance of blossoming trees,
For someone who's coming this way;
Kiss the sweet face of her,
Note well the grace of her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay.

The pink clouds have faded, 'tis not long to wait,
Soon work will be done in the fields to-day,
Then I with my scythe will keep watch by the gate
For someone who's coming this way;
God bless the heart of her,
Let me ne'er part from her,
My little love in her pink sun-bonnet
Tossing and turning the hay.

(Dorothy Poole, South Lawn, Godalming.)

PRAYERS.

I pray my child that you may ever keep
The gift of dreams. Here, where you gently sleep
I watch, and know by that sweet baby smile,
That you in dreamland dwell a little while.

I pray that when the years their sorrows bring,
Dreaming, you then may hear the same lips sing,
That softly sang to you, years, years ago,
And feel the love of one who loved you so.

I pray, my dear, no dreamless sleep for you,
But a dream-world for you to wander through,
And wandering, my darling, oh I pray,
That you may sometimes meet me by the way.

(Leslie M. Priest, 5, Greyfriars Road, Norwich.)

NEMESIS.

I have been happy once, for one brief while
The light of Heav'n was found beneath your smile.
It seemed the gates were wide, and voices sweet
Rang forth and made that happiness complete.
One moment, and the ecstasy had passed,
To come no more—it was the first—the last.
Yet dear, I fain would live it all again
And pay the forfeit with long years of pain.

I have been happy once, for one short space
My world was lived at sight of your dear face,
It seemed mine eyes were blind to all things fair,
Ears deaf to every sound when you were there.
One moment, and the happiness had flown,
Leaving no trace behind, and me—alone.
Yet dear, if I might live it all again,
The balance should be weighed by years of pain.

I have been happy once, the world is wide,
And we who love shall walk not side by side,
For life holds something harder, dear—and cold,
Our story was begun—but never told.
And yet to live again that moment's bliss
And find my Heaven in your passion's kiss
I fain would pay the forfeit with my tears
Of anguish, through Eternity's long years.

(Ada E. Mann (Lorna Fane), 30, East Parade, Rhyl.)

THE FAITHFUL FAILURE.

"There, out of the glorious sun-coloured earth, out of the day and the dust and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure."

Lord, I have failed in all my way,
Broken the prayers I tried to pray.
Faded, the splendour of my day.

All my fair wine of life is spilt,
Shattered the castles that I built,
Broken, my good sword at the hilt.

Lost are the souls I tried to aid,
Vanished the music that I made,
Naught now but wreckage is displayed.

Naught is there here that Thou canst praise,
Finished the story of my days.
Me from the dust Thou wilt not raise.

* * * * *

Lord, can it be that, looking down,
Instead of spurning with Thy frown,
Thou wilt a faithful failure crown?

So be it, Lord, I come to Thee.
Only Thy Faithful Failure see.

(D. K. Boileau, Monkton Combe Junior School, Combe Down, Bath.)

LOVE ASLEEP.

Little white wings quietly folded,
Tired limbs in sweet repose,
Dimpled fingers clasping lightly
Summer's latest rose;

Golden ringlets flecked with sunshine,
Golden arrows laid aside:
Stepping softly, come and see him,
Love at eventide.

Wake him not for he is weary
With the labours of the day;
See, a tear upon his lashes
For one arrow went astray!

(Alice W. Linford, 47, Langham Road, S. Tottenham, London, N.)

We specially commend the Lyrics sent in by Mrs. G. R. Glasgow (Westbury), E. V. Tempest (Bradford), Guenn F. Newnham (Gillingham), C. Carey Lacey (Bayswater), Mona Garrod Turner (Southwold), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Mary Hughes (Banbury), B. Vickery (Bradford), M. S. Carter (Brighton), Miss A. D. Hill (Walton-on-Thames), Mrs. Darton (Maidstone), R. N. Watson (Southport), R. W. King (Lewisham), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), M. T. L. (New Milton), Will Londen (Dunfermline), Edith Jotham (Isle of Man), Helen Lanyon (London, W.), D. McLaren (Leith), Ethel M. Adams (Whitchurch), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), M. M. O'Connor (Highbury), M. D. Banes (Teignmouth), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), Annie G. Patrick (Birmingham), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Joan Brock (Monifieth), M. D. Niven (Peterhead), D. Lefebvre (Jersey), Mrs. Mathieson (Dollar), Alice Binks (South Shields), Louie Gray (Frinton-on-Sea), Miss G. D. Hill (Sunderland), J. Tarry (Richmond), Miss E. F. Parr (Clifton), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), W. J. Campbell (Edinburgh), Helen K. Watts (Nottingham), E. Howard (Putney), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Joyce M. Bradwell (Nottingham), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), G. G. Jackson (Northampton), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), Miss E. Shore (Worthing), N. D. Gullick (Clifton), G. H. Cobb (Oxford), Eva Scott (Streatham), Gertrude Chambers (Brighton), Anita Lea (Liverpool), Bertram N. Parker (Bath), Anette Heard (Swanage), "Spes" (Weston-super-Mare), A. J. Caird (Edinburgh), A. H. Green (Wolverhampton), Robert Everall (Plaistow), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), E. D. Bestall (Bath), A. Marshall (Langley-on-Tyne), Florence Bagster (Kendal), G. Lenorme (Bingley), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), Margaret Dickin (Wrexham), Elizabeth K. Packard (West Ealing), P. J. Frawley (Manchester), J. D. C. Monfries (Putney), Thomas Sharp (Merton Park), Florence M. Wilson (Bangor), J. W. James (Cardigan), Angus B. Mitchell (Shipley), A. W. St. C. Tisdale (Cambridge), Annie Newton (Carnarvon), L. Hodgson (Clapham), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Max Plowman (Enfield), Percy

A rough sketch of himself made by Sir A. Conan Doyle in 1881, on learning that he had obtained his diploma as a Bachelor of Medicine.

The Running Wolf.

Sir A. Conan Doyle testing a Norwegian snow apparatus in the Engadine.

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Thomas (Hornsey), Mollie Barrow (Loudwater), Amelia D. Light (Enfield Wash), E. G. Moore (East Grinstead), Mrs. A. T. Ashwell (Canterbury), N. T. Wright (Clapton), A. M. Berry (Luton), Dolly Seward (Cambridge), Vera Wainwright (Peaslake), C. Emra (Richmond), W. G. Hanson (West Bromwich), Sinah Helen West (Gloucester), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), E. G. D. Liveing (Warwick), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), James F. R. Lyell (Edinburgh), M. F. Aikman (Glasgow), Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood), Malcom Murray (Aberdeen), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), Marjorie N. How (Crouch End), D. K. Boileau (Bath), Constance M. Curtis (Ludlow), H. F. Lovell Cocks (Uxbridge), O. Pope (Notting Hill), Gladys E. Warren (St. John's Wood), Eveline Swanson (East Finchley), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdowne (S. Woodford), Neville Noller (Lincoln), R. B. Boswell (Southampton), C. Stanley Johnson (Seascale), Mrs. Cole (Nottingham), Charles Kingston (Esher), Mrs. G. Keen (Java), Ivor Murray (Bishop's Park), James Mitchell (Edinburgh), H. Evans (New Brighton), W. G. Priest (Norwich), D. Yarrow (Glasgow), K. E. Royds (West Hampstead), E. F. Seymour (Kilburn), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Miss M. Swann (Great Missenden), Edward Griffiths (Liverpool), Agnes Baker (West Hampstead), J. E. Jones (Cardiff), Christabel Ward (Bridlington), Arthur Waghorn (Addiscombe), Wilfrid M. Appleby (Southend), Annie MacDonald (Bridge of Allan), Monica Baines (Fleet), E. Irene Seaton (Dresden), Kathleen Knox (Belfast), Mary G. Allan (Kilbarchan), Marvyn Davies (London, W.), F. Tait (Gateshead), Ivan Adair (Dublin), P. Selver (Redhill), Grace M. Measham (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), David McCormack (Glasgow), E. R. (Hull), Maude Carter (Bristol), A. Safroni-Middleton (West Norwood), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Mrs. Rose B. Stevens (Finchley), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Doris Dean (Burnley), William Kettle (Streatham), Mrs. C. Stanley Stevenson (Middleton St. George), and Furnley Maurice (Victoria, Australia).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

BEFORE THE DOCTOR COMES. By Dr. ANDREW WILSON. (Nash.)

"I've hope to live."
Measure for Measure, III. i. 2.

We also select for printing:

BILL BAILEY. By IAN HAY.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."
PAYNE.

(Mrs. M. E. Hopkins, 3, Convent Terrace, Swansea.)

PREPARATION FOR HOLY MATRIMONY. By Rev. BERNARD HANCOCK. (Messrs. George Allen & Co.)

"Large dowries doth the raptured eye
To the young spirit present."
TENNYSON—*Ode to Memory*.

(Miss G. Mary Robinson, 46, Oxford Street, Cardiff.)

THE IRRESISTIBLE MRS. FERRERS. By ARABELLA KENEALY. (Stanley Paul.)

"Take, O take those lips away."
SHAKESPEARE—*Frustra*.

(Miss A. E. Richardson, 15, Buckenham Square, New Kent Road, London, S.E.)

"I burst with a shriek into my own life."
From "Round the Fire Stories," by Sir A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder.)

QUEEN ANNE. By HERBERT PAUL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"She's dead."
SHAKESPEARE—*The Winter's Tale*.

(Miss L. Mugford, Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent.)

MORTE D'ARTHUR. TENNYSON. (Messrs. Chatto & Windus.)

"Our orthodox coroner doubtless will find it a *felo-de-se*."
TENNYSON—*Despair*.

(Juliette Samson, Floretta, 108, Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, W.)

THINGS I CAN TELL. By Lord ROSSMORE. (Nash.)

"It really might be quite as well
Hushed up among one's friends."
O. W. HOLMES—*To the Portrait of a Lady*.

(Margery Finch, 54, Sheffield Road, Fratton, Portsmouth.)

THE TURNSTILE. By A. E. W. MASON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

". . . Pay, pay, pay."
KIPLING—*Absent-Minded Beggar*.

(Ernest S. Heron, 13, Grange Road, Chester.)

III.—We have received many Rhymed Alphabets on the authors and books of this autumn, but on the whole they are disappointing. The best is from Miss L. Mugford, of Sutton-at-Hone, near Dartford, Kent, to whom we have awarded the PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the following:

A is for Autumn, Ayscough and Avon,
B is for Benson, the one that is shaven.
C is for Chambers, who writes of the "Streets,"
D's *Diners a Deux*, gastronomical treats.
E stands for Ellis with "King's Riband Blue,"
F is for Fowler and "Faustula" too.

G is for Graham, whose "Classics" are "Canned,"
H is for Hewlett, whose language is grand.
I stands for "Idylls of East and of West,"
J is for James and the "Flapper's" young zest.
K is "King's Favourite," a post hard to hold,
L's "Lady Married," so beautifully told.
M is for "Moscow" with memories tragic,
N is for Nesbit with "World" full of magic.
O stands for "Outcaste" unlike "One of Us,"
P's "Pride of War," that's created a fuss.
Q is the Author and "Queer Little Jane,"
R is for "Russia" revised once again.
S for "St. Lo" and a story of France,
T for "The Turnstile," a stirring romance.
U is "Unbearable Bassington's" sign,
V is for Vachell and story of kine.
W's "White Ear" and although I've looked well
X has no novel or author to spell.
Y is for Mills Young with "Grit Lawless" true,
Z stands for "Zoo's Conversation Book II."

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Eric V. Overell, of 56, Holly Walk, Leamington Spa, for the following:

MARRIAGE. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan.)

"Marriage" is not a great novel, but it is a brilliant book. Like "The New Machiavelli," it is the latest bulletin of its problem-haunted author's state of mind. Those who find this—the most complex age of history—a fascinating study, those who do not "swallow the universe like a pill," must read Mr. Wells. Though the novelist is sunk in the pamphleteer, the story is well done, and genius guided the pen which drew Mr. Pope. The plot is only a peg? Well, here it is the garments hanging therefrom which challenge attention. A book to buy and keep.

We also select for printing:

THE LOVERS. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Ward, Lock & Co.)

We welcome Eden Phillpotts' latest Dartmoor story, although the glamour of the Moor is overshadowed by the frowning and gloomy War Prison. The two lovers are American seamen, bold and resourceful; their sweethearts Devon to the core. The quarrel between Sir Archer Godolphin, adamant-conservative, and his impetuous, broader-minded son Felix, is dramatic; the son's subsequent association with the notorious Toby-men Workman and Blackadder, and his remarkable escape from the gallows most thrilling. The minor characters live, and the sacrifice of Richard Bolt strikes a high note of tragedy. To its author's renown "The Lovers" adds yet further lustre.

(J. Richard Ellaway, Lynmoor, Basingstoke.)

A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN PALESTINE.

By R. A. S. MACALISTER. (Cambridge University Press.)

One of the University Manuals, this little book forms a very welcome addition to the series. It is an epitome of Palestine's history. Professor Macalister leads us by delightful steps from the Palæolithic age, right up to yesterday, when the Young Turkish upheaval threw Palestine into ferment. The successive occupations of the country are briefly, yet succinctly, reviewed. A chapter on "Religion in Israel" and a number of good illustrations give to the whole that completeness which makes it, not only a useful book for the student, but also an instructive one for the general reader.

(Keltie D. Dixon, 22, Bonneville Road, Clapham, S.W.)

LONDON LAVENDER. By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen.)

Mr. Lucas gives us his thoughts upon a variety of subjects in this pot-pourri from London. He touches upon such divers themes as folk songs, country almshouses, Derby Day, the ape-house at the Zoo, and many others. It is written in his own whimsical style, though here and there flashes out in a few ironical words his contempt for some social weakness. Mrs. Wiles, the charwoman, and her philosophical husband, who inherits a fortune are very amusing. We are grateful for this cheery book in these days when morbid literature somewhat predominates.

(Lottie Hoskins, 65, Chantry Road, Moseley, Birmingham.)

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

This well-written novel takes the reader into the journalistic theatre by way of the stage door, and shows him Fleet Street as it really is. The busy scenes of activity inside the offices of *The Day*, a famous, halfpenny newspaper, are graphically depicted. Word by word, nay, almost letter by letter, we see our morning paper "built" for us before our eyes. It is a perfect example of pen architecture, and the love affairs of Humphrey Quain, reporter, leave us somewhat cold by comparison. The book is full of excellent little character studies, and the end is thoroughly artistic.

(Cyril G. Taylor, Farr Hall, Heswall, Cheshire.)

We specially commend the Reviews sent in by Lucy G. Chamberlaine (Llandudno), Mary Cleland (Ellesmere), E. Smallwood (Highbury), D. E. Grant (Smethwick), Mrs. F. M. Linklater (St. Leonards), Geo. Stanton (Leicester), Miss E. M. Northcott (West Kirby), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Margaret Rey (Bournemouth), J. Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Phyllis Wall (Sydenham), Mrs. Kathleen Lefevre (Longford), H. Caby (Fordham), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Dorothy Pratt (Chatteris), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), A. R. Willlams (Worcester), Miss Van der Pant (Highgate), A. W. St. C. Tisdale (Cambridge), Ellis M. Brown (Glasgow), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Marjorie C. Barnard (London, S.W.), Winifred Crone (Liverpool), Florence Karn (Gloucester), A. H. M. Sayers (Sheffield), M. A. Newman (Badingham), Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Margaret J. Laird (Belfast), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), Bessie Eades (Hampstead), M. E. Bradshaw Asherwood (Colchester), Mrs. Agnes Ward Strong (Monkseaton), Miss E. Moore (Oxford), Leo Delicati (Bristol), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), and Miss A. E. Gowers (Haverhill).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. Alfred Victor Waller, of 2, Leamington Street, Sunderland.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, with the Officers of the Langman Hospital in South Africa.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.*

By T. E. Page.

THE writings of Rousseau are to-day practically unknown, and the twenty-seven volumes which contain them rest for the most part undisturbed amid the dust of libraries. Yet 150 years ago they moved the world and changed the destiny of nations. Their historical importance is of the highest; as models of style they might be envied even by Voltaire; and yet they are forgotten. But of Rousseau himself there can be no forgetfulness. His thoughts and ideas, so far as they were real and true, have been absorbed into the common mass of knowledge, and what he wrote on education, "The Social Contract" or "inequality" has now chiefly an antiquarian importance, while his theories as to the happiness and virtue of primitive man appear to modern students only the fantastic dreams of imaginative ignorance. But while any interest in humanity survives, Rousseau is a figure that must always command attention. For assuredly never did a stranger being walk this common earth in the guise of man. At one moment his head seems to touch the stars, at the next he sinks below the level of the brute, and whenever you seem to have laid hold of him by a sudden transformation he eludes the grasp. Read St. Augustine's "Confessions" and you know St. Augustine; read Cicero's "Letters" and it is the same; or turn to Montaigne and you see him, as he desired, "stark-naked"; but the "Confessions" of Rousseau leave the man an enigma and our judgment undetermined. Here come revelations that appal, and then passages of supreme and tender beauty. His pen flows with undisturbed ease from an apostrophe to virtue to a description of how he "decided very cheerfully (*gaillardement*) and without any scruple" to send his offspring to the Foundling. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi;* his inconsistencies are profound; and yet in everything he is wholly satisfied with himself. *Que la trompette du jugement dernier sonne quand elle voudra, je viendrai ce livre à la main devant le souverain juge*—that is how he writes on the first page of his book, and he challenges anyone of "the innumerable throng" that stands before the throne to say sincerely, "I was better than yon man." The words almost stagger us, and indeed to read the "Confessions" is to cease to wonder that men have derided Rousseau as a Pharisee and a hypocrite, have spoken of him as a sort of Satyr who could at need assume "The Mask of Cato," or as one who "under the pretence of making himself a Nature-creature" sought shelter in a cottage only that, like Diogenes in his tub, he might draw more attention to his cynic snarls. And yet beyond question he was sincere. Vain he was, no doubt, neurotic, self-deceiving and incapable of judging his own acts in the clear light of truth, and yet both as a writer and a man he was at bottom honest. Think only of his life. For thirty years he had been penniless, a vagabond, a lackey; one at best whom a great lady might invite to her house but then sent "to dine in the kitchen." With an ardent ambition and an invincible belief in his own superiority he had drunk deeply of the bitter waters of social scorn. And then on a sudden he found himself famous. The Academy of Dijon offered as the subject for a prize essay the question "whether the progress of the sciences and the arts has helped to corrupt or to elevate morals," and, walking one day to Vincennes, he read the notice in a newspaper. Then and there Rousseau, as by some miracle, became a new man.

Jean Jacques Rousseau.
A portrait by Ramsay.
From "Jean Jacques Rousseau," by Gerhard Gran. (Blackwood's)

* Jean Jacques Rousseau, by Gerhard Gran, Prof. of Literature in the University of Christiania. Authorised Translation by Marcia Hargis Janson. 12s. 6d. net. (William Blackwood and Son.)

"He could no longer breathe," he writes, "the violent beating of his heart alarmed him," he felt "illuminated," "intoxicated," "inspired," with the result that he quickly composed the famous "Discourse"—the first of his writings—and at once all Paris was at his feet. He hurled invectives at its dearest idols. He poured contempt upon its culture, its intellect, its graces, and the modern Babylon went into raptures over the new prophet. He might have been the darling of the *salons* and the pet philosopher of titled beauties. He might have had pensions and places and all that his heart had long yearned for. But instead for thirty years he went out into the wilderness. He sold his fine wig, his sword, and his watch, though he would have kept his linen shirts—forty-two of them—had they not been stolen, and turned his back on society for ever. "He became," says the present writer, "the world's most famous man . . . he could have acquired riches, glory and titles . . . he could have helped himself to everything the world prizes," and "yet he did not do so," but "continued to the end of his life to support himself miserably by copying work." It was thus that St. Pierre, the author of "Paul and Virginia" found him in 1771 (*see* the beautiful passage in Morley, II., 317 *seq.*) "in an overcoat with a white cap copying music," with "two little beds of blue and white striped calico, a table and a few chairs for his stock of furniture," while "his wife mended linen" and "the sparrows came for crumbs on the sills of the windows." And yet there are critics who maintain that the man who deliberately chose such a life was at heart a charlatan. Those, however, who know "the signs of a prophet" will possibly form a more charitable judgment.

But indeed there were, as he himself said, "two Rousseaus," the one "a man capricious, singular, fantastic," the other "obliged to work for his living," and content, genius though he was, to do so. Or rather, perhaps, the position was still more complex. For there was in him not only that war between "the flesh" and "the spirit," of which St. Paul speaks, and which, fierce as it is in ordinary men, may, where the brain is active and the body frail, excitable and nervous, become a very struggle to the death; but the spirit also of Rousseau was divided against itself. "The thorn in the flesh" was only one of the evil agencies that "buffeted" him; for, to say nothing of other things, the pride of Rousseau was as the pride of Lucifer. His self-conceit was beyond words. Whatever befell, he never doubted that he was not as other men. He wallowed in the mire, but is assured that he is without stain. He relates acts which discredit human nature, and then asks who can say *Je fus meilleur que cet homme-là*. And yet the words, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Son of the morning" do not wholly apply to him. Spite of all his failings, there still lingers round him something of a Divine radiance. And who are we that we should judge a life so marred by sin and sorrow, but yet so illuminated by genius and aspiration? Let us rather try to understand him; and for those who would do so no volume could be better than the present one. It does not discuss his writings or his philosophy—indeed, it ends with the publication of his first work—but is a "psychological" study of the man himself during his first forty years, and, as such, has all the fascination of a novel. Or rather it has more. For in this moving story, strange as any in fiction, every touch is real, and the author writes not only with sympathy and insight, but also with vivacity and force, while he shows dramatic skill in setting Rousseau's life in its proper scenery and surroundings. The opening chapter, for instance, on Geneva, that *ville triste ou tout le monde est de mauvaise humeur*, as Voltaire said, and where you must even have a Biblical name, so that Rousseau, son of Isaac, had to be called "after two apostles," is a masterpiece of historic presentation. And the same may be said of the description of "Paris under Louis XV.," where they "called God M. de l'Être," where "*un bon mot fait fortune*" and to be in love with everyone's wife but your own was a point of etiquette. Nor are these descriptions mere embellishments, for if you understand Rousseau's Paris and Rousseau's Geneva, the history of "His Family," of his "Vagabondage," and of "Maman" (M. de Warens), you begin to understand how Rousseau became what he was. At least you understand the origin of his faults, for the source of his genius remains incomprehensible. There was no reason why he should not have degenerated into an erotic imbecile. Indeed, it would have been almost natural if he had. But, instead, on the road to Vincennes there came a great "awakening," and from that hour Rousseau was one of the leaders of mankind. It is in vain that Professor Gerhard Gran—who here only is professorial—introduces the word "subliminal," and talks of "the psychic stuff that, gained through inheritance, race and early experience, lay settled in his subconsciousness," suddenly finding "a road of communication" to the upper "threshold." For, indeed, such words explain nothing. The poorest of us know something of the "subconscious" activities of the brain, but how Rousseau the derelict became Rousseau the prophet is hidden from all but Him "to whom all secrets are known." If, however, on this point the author may perhaps arouse criticism, everywhere else he is wholly admirable. He has written a book which, once taken up, no one who either loves letters or understands the words *homo sum* can possibly lay down.

For the rest, the translation is, as far as a stranger to the original can surmise, a very excellent one, and it is noteworthy that neither author nor translator uses a single word of "Introduction." Nor have they need to do so, for their work explains and recommends itself.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.*

BY THOMAS SECCOMBE.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL has broken out in a new place in the volume that he has just published on "The Problem of Edwin Drood." The first sentiment of many, perhaps the majority, of those who scan the title will be surely this subject might be allowed to take a long-earned rest. Its place is in the mausoleum of literary curiosities along with speculations as to the dedication of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the authorship of the "Eikon Basilike," or the identity of Junius. A large number of keen, detective minds have exercised themselves upon the problem as upon a sharpening strop. Most of them have written books or pamphlets on the subject, and their lucubrations would fill a fair-sized dwarf bookcase. A few fanatical Dickensians may welcome any pretext for poring over the moiety of "Edwin Drood" once more. But the reader who does not take an active part in the Dickensian fellowship may well regard with some coldness the appeal of a book which makes the re-perusal of a fairly long and difficult, though unfinished, work a prior condition of complete understanding. If the general reader is dissuaded by these *prima facie* considerations from the discussion of Sir William Nicoll's latest work, let us say at once that he will incur the risk of missing not only one of its author's most interesting productions, but also one of the most considerable critical performances of recent years. The book's great achievement, indeed, is that it does not depend for its interest by any means exclusively upon the discovery of *x* in the matter of the specific solution of the Edwin Drood mystery. The present deponent, at any rate, found an interest of no secondary kind in its pages as an investigation of the testimony as to all the circumstances attending the production of Dickens's latest work. It abounds in documentary evidence, it reveals with singular suggestiveness the evolution of Dickens's latest manner, it brings us nearer "Dickens—the last phase" than any book we can remember to have read. With Mr. Lehmann's admirable book on "Dickens as an Editor" it goes far to vindicate the reality of national gratitude to the great novelist, now in his hundredth year. Battered by life, and worn by the many leagues of print which he had traversed, Dickens had indeed journeyed far from "pou sto" of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist." One may not be able to agree with the writer that "Edwin Drood" is one of the best of his works. An analogy is employed between some elements in "Drood" and in "Hunted Down." The parallel is rather damning to the unfinished work of 1870! A more melodramatic, theatrical and unsatisfactory short story than "Hunted Down" would be hard to discover among the works of the reprinted. The bloom and the flush of Dickens's wonderful morning had evaporated long before the day of "Edwin Drood." His style had lost every scrap of that wonderful simplicity and eighteenth century rotundity so remarkable in his first great successes. The marvel is that it should have acquired so many new qualities of distinction. The opening passage in the second chapter of "Edwin Drood," for instance, is a far more elaborate piece of prose than Dickens could have possibly imagined in his impressionable youth. Yet how bright that wonderful eye still is, how little undimmed that marvellous vision, and that amazingly vivid power of portrayal. For sheer writing power, in mere force of description, how many authors are there of any age who can stand up against it?

If a descriptive critic of to-day wants a new subject, a *terra incognita*, let him write about the early and undiscovered plots of Dickens. Nobody marks them at the time of reading. *À propos* of his inquiries here our author makes a few remarkable discoveries about them. The plots of most of the novels indeed, from "Barnaby Rudge" to "Our Mutual Friend," are fearful and wonderful things. A monograph might be written (we cannot asseverate that it would be read) about each one of them. But the plot of "Edwin Drood" stands apart, it seems, from most, if not all of them. It is a thoroughly lurid and melodramatic plot; but it does possess a certain interest of its own, and it does reflect a considerable amount of interest upon the characters. For Dickens this is a novelty with a vengeance! In most of his books the plot appears like some malignant parasite draining the life blood of the parent stem of character. In "Drood" the plot has an independent life of its own. Faith in Wilkie Collins, which had germinated a dozen years ago, had now borne ripe fruit.

Without professing in the least to be an expert on this thorny question, I must say that Sir William's solution seems to me eminently sane and satisfying. In the first place, it is extremely tentative and unaggressive. In the second, it is based broadly and unmistakably upon the irrefragable testimony of Forster. Forster, with all his faults, remained to the very end Dickens's chosen biographer and confidante. The suggestion that the great man deliberately misled Forster as to the general tendency of the tale is inadmissible. Forster's hints, therefore, must form the nucleus of any really judicial summing-up of the matter. The first object of the Bench is to cut away the tangled and luxuriant overgrowth of baseless theory. When this is done and a few careful qualifications cautiously made, it seems to me that we have a solution approximate enough for the purposes of any reasonable curiosity. The testimony of the illustrator, Sir Luke Fildes, so far as it goes, is absolutely corroborative of the biographer. Everything points to the conclusion that the villain, Jasper, tried to murder his nephew, Edwin, by strangling him with a black scarf. That Dickens intended that the wicked uncle should have succeeded in his intention seems to me equally certain. Jasper had premeditated and rehearsed the murder in the opium den. The motive was the fierce and wolfish passion for Edwin's betrothed. This passion, revealed finely in one of the original illustrations, was cloaked by a most revolting duplicity. Jasper, says our author, was "an unredeemed villain; he was anything but a fool. He drugged Drood; he strangled him; he put his body in quicklime; he

* "The Problem of Edwin Drood: A Study in the Methods of Dickens." By Sir W. Robertson Nicoll. 3s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

had time to rob the victim of his jewellery [but for one unknown, recently acquired ring which was ultimately to prove the pièce de conviction]; he maintained a threatening and defiant attitude. He had done his business." We are to imagine him working with a Hyde-like malevolence, suggested by his ebullitions against the urchin Deputy, in a night of the wildest tempest. He is a new type of villain rather for Dickens, and a far more successful one than the typically Dickensian, wholly incredible, Carker. His passion, too, is a new element, revealing a considerable change as it seems to us in Dickens's moral perspective. The gradual determination to criminal motives, which set in only after the first efflorescence of his genius seems to arrive at its climax in the lurid plot of "Edwin Drood." The theory that Edwin, after all, was not dead and was to appear in the eleventh or twelfth part *redivivus*, seems to me untenable. There is no iota of evidence to support it, and the only two pleas in its favour are first, that it was rather contrary to Dickens's method to destroy a "title"; secondly, the suggestion conveyed by the design at the foot of the original green wrapper. Our author is not at his happiest, I think, in his description and elucidation of these designs. But he makes the essential point, namely, that they are not to be taken too closely or literally. They are rude hieroglyphics, and like Zadkiel's, are to be interpreted with the eye of faith. After taking immense pains to construct and conceal an elaborate mystery, it was hardly likely that Dickens was going to give it away on the cover. As to the mode of death, there seems to me no evading the express statement made by Dickens to his illustrator that he must have a long black scarf for Edwin to be strangled with. As regards Jasper's ejaculations in the opium den—"Look down, look down"—too much importance need not be attached to them. Miss Stoddart's suggestion on this point seems quite adequate. The idea of flinging Edwin from the tower may have occurred to Jasper and been abandoned. Highly probable, too, is her speculation that the Sapsea monument was to be the destination of the murdered man's remains. Jasper may have conveyed some quicklime into that spacious receptacle before depositing the body there. There was ample opportunity for such operations in the midnight solitude of the precincts. These outlines seem fairly meritable, but the precise manner in which the discovery was to be worked out must remain Dickens's secret. The ring, the opium woman, Princess Puffer, Durdles, Datchery and the Deputy, and finally the suspicions of Mr. Grewgious were evidently to be the main instruments of conviction. Grewgious, whose first appearance is so impossibly grotesque, but who improves so steadily upon acquaintance, was in my opinion, to play a most conspicuous part. Tartar, of course, marries Rosa, and Crisparkle, Helena. Neville, it seems, was to be spirited away, probably killed in the act of bringing the "wicked man" to justice. All this part of his thesis Sir William appears to prove to our complete satisfaction. Far more than any of his predecessors he has gone into the question of manuscripts, interlineations and erasures. As he recapitulates these we cannot help repeating: What *is* he going to make of all this? Nothing, however, could be more satisfactory than the way in which every ounce of this evidence is made to fit into its place, and to tell upon the volume and weight of the converging mass of proof. This part of the book is an admirable illustration of the judicial method.

When it comes to the question of "Who is Datchery?" the case is altered. Dickens left no clues here of an external kind. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the commentators and much, if not most, of this ingenuity seems to us hopelessly misplaced. Nor can we wholly exempt Sir William from this indictment. His theory that Datchery is Helena is certainly one of the best and the best sustained. It is far more plausible, for instance, than the incredible proposition that Datchery is Drood himself. Both suppositions seem to me to impugn the sanity of Dickens as an artist. Our interpreter uses the erasures and interlineations here with an almost uncanny cleverness. Yet, after all his exertions, the case seems to us less than "not proven." That an artist of Dickens's calibre should be reduced to such a pitiable artifice as a male-impersonator is, to us, a thing too painful to contemplate. The explanation of Datchery saying (to himself be it remembered): "I like the old tavern way of keeping scores" is a marvel of literary gymnastic, but, after all, "it will not do." I am inclined to think that Datchery was a new character and an emissary of Grewgious, probably some sort of relation, and no more. He is a melodramatic figure at best. That is enough, without representing him as a young and beautiful woman masquerading as an amateur detective, and consuming brown sherry and mutton chops! Our author himself, I'm inclined to think, has a slight revulsion of feeling from the strain of such a conjecture. At any rate, he refers to it not at all in his concluding chapter, which is a most admirable drawing together of the various lines of evidence, conjecture and parallel, in what will prove, we are convinced, to the multitude of readers one of the most repaying books on the subject of Charles Dickens that the century of his fame has yet produced.

New Books.

THE "SWANSTON" STEVENSON.*

In the latest instalment of this admirable edition of the Works of Robert Louis Stevenson are the books to be regarded as his contribution to the science, art, or sport—whichever it may be—of Politics. He was apparently a philosophic Tory; in practice governed by the most democratic ideals, but withal, when it came to stated principles, a contemner of the "G.O.M.," Home Rule, and Mr. Hyndman. In the happy sanctuary of Samoa, a little king in exile, experiencing the joys of a sort of feudal lord, it seemed to him that Britain, shedding every rag of feudalism as fast as it could, was drifting to perdition. There is an essay on "The Day after To-morrow," in the sixteenth of these volumes which shows his apprehension

* "Records of a Family of Engineers; Additional Memories and Portraits; Later Essays; Lay Morals; Prayers Written for Family Use at Vailima; A Footnote to History; Island Nights' Entertainments; In the South Seas; Letters from Samoa; The Ebb Tide; Weir of Hermiston; St. Ives.' Vols. XVI. to XX. (Swanston Edition.) 6s. net each. (Chatto & Windus.)

of an overwhelming socialism wherein the official inspector should be over-riding all, and our condition something far more like the ant-heap than any previous human polity. In his writings, however, are few such warm deliverances on the problems of his native land; he was out of the fight before the bricks were really seriously flying, and we count it fortunate that his political excursions in the main confined themselves to the isles of his adoption, where the issues were less complicated, and the party protagonists a little more romantic than they are with us at home. "A Footnote to History" and "Letters from Samoa" may have seemed to some readers an unfortunate divagation from the proper business of his life, but these diversions are traditional in the best of imaginative writers, and they serve to prove some human touch with things in actual life. When Stevenson settled in Samoa he found the island with a native nominal king and a half, and German influence obnoxiously pre-eminent; the white officials appointed by the Berlin Convention quite unequal to their task. The "Footnote" and these Samoan letters to *The Times* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* may have as little influence on his future reputation as the "Defensio Secunda" has on the repute of Milton, and they only partly served their purpose, for, though the two obnoxious officials were withdrawn mainly on his intervention, his friend the dethroned Mattaafa gained nothing by it.

Nor were his other divagations into the history, life, and manners of these ultimate isles quite to the taste of eager Stevensonians. When he began the series of travel papers now known as "In the Seven Seas" it was auspiciously; the Odyssian glamour was about his opening, where we share his wonder and delight in that first landfall. But "The Isles of Vivian," which made him bond-slave for the rest of his life, when seen too long and intimately, refused to sustain the emotional ardour, the subjective beauty of their first conception, and the task he had embarked on with elation speedily began to chafe. We have here, as in the Edinburgh Edition, but a selection from the South Sea articles contributed in 1891 to *Black and White* and the *New York Sun*; with the addition of a half section omitted from the *Edinburgh Edition* describing a visit to the Kona coast of Hawaii and the lepers' port of embarkation for Molokai. That part of the work which best pleased Stevenson himself was the section treating of the Gilbert Islands, and it derives additional interest as describing a state of manners and of government now past away.

The magic air of the Nukahiva landfall is repeated in "The Beach of Falesa," the best tale of "The Island Nights' Entertainments," where the narrator sees his island first at dawn as Conrad's sailor sees the East in "Youth," mysterious and odorous. The very best criticism of it came from the author himself in a letter to Sidney Colvin:—"It is the first realistic South Sea story; I mean with real South Sea character and details of life. Everybody else who has tried, that I have seen, got carried away by the romance, and ended in a kind of sugar-candy sham epic, and the whole effect was lost—there was no etching, no human grip, consequently no conviction. Now I have got the smell and look of the thing a good deal. You will know more about the South Seas after you have read my little tale than if you had read a library. As to whether anyone else will read it I have no guess. I am in an off time, but there is just the possibility it might make a hit; for the yarn is good and melodramatic, and there is quite a love-affair—for me." It is to be noticed that "The Beach of Falesa," in 1892 was regarded as immoral in the absence of a marriage certificate: "It is a poisoned bad world for the romancer, this Anglo-Saxon world," said the indignant author.

"The Ebb Tide, or Stevenson's Blooming Error—about as grim a tale as ever was written, and as grimy and as hateful," was the author's final judgment on a tale which gave him a great deal of trouble, and emerged from his hands at last seriously curtailed in its proportions as intended. In his correspondence, curiously, there is little or no indication of the share that his step-son Mr. Lloyd Osbourne had in its design and preparation, and when it first appeared, all the good parts in it—as the opening chapters—were ascribed to Stevenson, and all the bad to his collaborateur. A note by Mr. Osbourne to the present edition shows some natural resentment of so unflattering a conclusion, and he explains that the early parts of both "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide," were entirely his as well as the whole inception of Huish's scheme. The collaboration produced a work of considerable popularity; of its kind the tale is excellent; but its dialogue and its narrative style are on different planes, and it lacks the artistic unity of that fine fragment "Weir of Hermiston," or even "St. Ives," as completed by Quiller-Couch.

NEIL MUNRO.

AN ABSORBING PICTURE.*

Henry Fowler was essentially a politician, and a politician on a grand scale. So broad was his mind, so well stored with history, that a spirit of most judicial fairness characterised his views. No party man in the meaner sense of the word, his views were treated with the greatest respect both by friend and foe. By the former he was looked up to almost as a Court of Appeal. And this great personality moved amid great events, vital in the history of the nation. His own immediate contribution to that history was in the highest degree worthy of the man.

Of no common interest then should be his biography. We may say at once that it realises all our expectations, and we rise from reading it with a far higher admiration for the man as a politician than we ever held before. With the exception that some of the letters and speeches might easily have been curtailed without detracting from the interest, the political part of the biography is thoroughly well done.

And yet most readers will agree that the chief value of Mrs. Hamilton's book lies in her portrayal of an extraordinarily interesting personality: a personality full of contrasts, at first sight almost irreconcilable contrasts. As we read on, however, we realise that the very greatness of the man lay in his power of combining apparent opposites into one workable whole. Seldom has a character been so cleverly dissected. Seldom have readers been presented with such absorbing psychological problems.

Henry Fowler was a latter-day Puritan, such a thorough-going Puritan as is rarely to be seen. His principles were inflexible, his ideals lofty from the beginning to the end of his life. "Life is real, life is earnest," was his motto. Yet this same man in his political connections was always ready to compromise. Strongly as he held that his views were the best, he was prepared if needs be to accept the second best. On the other hand, while his sound sense forbade any indulgence in exaggerated language at St. Stephens, in his home at Woodthorne the exaggeration of his language was almost a byword among the servants. These contradictions, seeming or real, would fill a page. Never was there a more devoted Methodist, yet seldom has the Church of England had a more genuine admirer. With a mind utterly closed to the beauties of scenery and the gentle influences of art and music, he could nevertheless demand such a noble and beautiful service in Methodist churches as "shall boldly avow in the teeth of a miserable utilitarianism, an obedience to Him Who required that the sockets of His tabernacle should be of silver and the snuff-dishes of pure gold," such a service of song as should be "the noble expression of the melody of Christian devotion by the melody of earthly music." The high-priest of æstheticism, John Ruskin, might have written this.

A mind such as his, moving in the lofty empyrean of thought, could with difficulty descend to lower realms. He could manage men, but not boys. He feasted on facts plain and unclouded: facts seen through a mist of fiction were abhorrent to him. A determined Liberal, he was nevertheless pessimistic as to new ventures. A dour man,

* "The Life of Henry Hailley Fowler." By Edith Henrietta Fowler (Hon. Mrs. Hamilton). 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

he rejoiced in jokes against himself. But it is impossible to give the faintest conception of the scintillating wit and sympathetic humour with which this absorbing picture is painted by his gifted daughter. Her more serious chapters, too, such as the one on Methodism, are illuminating to the last degree.

Illuminating too is the sketch of the household which quite naturally gave rise to "Isabel Carnaby." "We were trained to talk to him and amuse him all our lives." He was constantly "plucking them up by the roots to see how they were growing," and his delight was unbounded when one of his children showed she had grown up by producing a novel that embodied the two things dearest to his heart, politics and Methodism.

THE INDIAN POLICE.*

Mr. Gouldsbury's frankness, simplicity and humour lend such charm to his account of the numerous exciting adventures which fell to his lot while he was on duty as a police official, or hunting big game in the tangled jungles of India, that, though his book comes, as it does, on the heels of more than one volume of a similar character, he need entertain little fear that it will lack readers. His is a hunting as well as a police record, and it is a thousand pities that the commonplace title, "Life in the Indian Police," should give no clue to what unquestionably is the larger and more enjoyable portion of the work. The chief impression that this book leaves is the fact of the Englishman's ability to succeed in a difficult position in a far-off land without any previous preparation for his task. The author, while at school, gave his attention to play rather than to "the less interesting subjects necessary for examinations"; but through the good offices of an uncle, "an official of some influence in Calcutta," he was able to exchange his "dingy rooms in Bayswater" and an annual income of "less than £40," derived from a connection with a firm which did not consider his services "absolutely indispensable," for a post in the Indian police, which not only brought him a comfortable salary, but also gave him considerable authority over a large and populous district. At the time of his departure from England he knew absolutely nothing about money matters or business methods. Before he knew much of the language of the people amongst whom he was placed, and after the briefest probation, he was appointed to the responsible post of "assistant superintendent of police," from which, in the course of a few years, he was promoted to still higher posts. Mr. Gouldsbury does not hesitate to confess some of the awkward situations that arose during his early years of officialdom; but on the whole he seems to have done well. Probably the most interesting observation he makes regarding police matters is his reference to the utter untrustworthiness of native officials, and their inclination to harass those over whom they are placed, their methods of extorting confessions, of which the author gives some examples (pp. 281–2), that are ingenious though positively barbaric. Like so many others of his profession, he maintains that education is driving Hindostan to the "dogs," and takes delight in caricaturing the educated Indians, or "the Babus" as he calls them. But in spite of this, he is not a thorough-going native-hater. He is very generous in his tribute to the detective genius of the Indian police officials, and his stories of the exploits of one, Kali Dass—a native sleuth—make delightful reading. S.N.S.

SUDERMANN IN ENGLISH.†

It is curious how little interest is taken in England in current German literature. The eyes of our critics are fixed chiefly on France and Russia, and even those few German names that are known to us, the names of Sudermann and Hauptmann for instance, are indeed little more than names. One welcomes, therefore, all the more warmly these two small volumes of translations of seven of Sudermann's plays. Under the collective title of "Morituri" are gathered "Teja," "Fritzchen," and "The Eternal Masculine," and under "Roses"—"Streaks of Light," "The Last Visit," "Margot," and "The Far-Away Princess."

These two volumes are not only of importance in themselves, but they are intensely interesting, as showing the influence of Ibsen on an imaginative and original mind. They certainly have, as a whole, that curious and foreboding atmosphere that Ibsen manages to convey in so remarkable a fashion. They deal with strange problems of the soul with that air as of secret depths below the normal surface of life, of which Ibsen was such a master. And yet they have a delicate personality of their own, which makes them individual and finished works of art.

Of the seven, "Teja" is undoubtedly the weakest. It is a story of the Gothic camp overlooking Vesuvius The Goths have taken up an impregnable position, but they are dying from hunger, and await daily the fleet of ships bringing them food. It is the marriage day of Teja, the king of the Goths. His marriage is purely diplomatic, and he hardly even notices his bride for some time. The play consists largely of a dialogue between the two, in which her simple nobility gradually wins him to her. He knows, but keeps secret from her, that his fleet has been captured, and that at dawn he, at the head of his men, is going to make a hopeless onslaught on the vast army before him. When she learns the truth she behaves with heroic submission, and the curtain falls at the moment of parting.

There is not much to be said for this play beyond the fact that it shows the rather odd psychological workings of Teja's brain. It is decidedly uninteresting.

The same cannot be said of "Fritzchen," the next in order in the book. It is the story of how Lieutenant von Drosse arrives home to his parents with the knowledge that within twenty-four hours he will be no more. He has created a disgraceful scandal with another officer's wife, an officer who is a dead shot, and the Court of Honour of the regiment are now sitting in judgment upon him. But the agony of his mind is not whether he will have to fight, but whether he will be allowed to fight. The injured officer has horsewhipped him, and it is doubtful whether he will be given the opportunity of a duel. When he reaches home neither mother nor father know that anything is amiss. But it is not long before the father guesses, and, when he is alone with his son, he finds out all. He is at first furious at his son's disgrace, but when the lieutenant points out to him that he had never led such a life till his father had practically suggested he should, he is overwhelmed. This *volte face* is, indeed, too drastic, and adds a touch of melodrama to a powerful situation. He is now as tortured as his son lest the Court will not sanction the duel, but, to his immense and mournful relief, the news arrives that they have sanctioned it. The play closes with the lieutenant taking leave of his parents—the mother still unwitting that he is going straight to death.

The last play of this volume is of quite a different *genre*. It has the airy unreality of a fairy tale, and yet it is touched with a very caustic irony. Its atmosphere is unique—rather as though Hans Andersen, Shaw, and Anatole France had collaborated to make the reader charmed and uncomfortable at one and the same moment. There is a queen, a painter, a marshal, a marquis in blue, a marquis in pink, a deaf maid of honour, a sleepy maid of honour, and so on. The painter falls in love with the queen, and is plotted against by the marquises. The marshal is ordered to seize him, and, after threatening summary death, ends by becoming his bosom friend. It is an exquisite phantasy touched with a breath of bitterness.

The first play in "Roses" is "Streaks of Light." This and the one that follows next, "Margot," show, perhaps,

* "Life in the Indian Police." By C. E. Gouldsbury. With 24 Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

† "Morituri: Three One-Act Plays." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Archibald Alexander.
"Roses: Four One-Act Plays." By Hermann Sudermann. Translated by Grace Frank. 2s. net each vol. (Duckworth.)

Ibsen's influence more precisely than any of the others. There are only three actors in "Streaks of Light"—the husband, Wittich, his wife, Julia, and his wife's so-called lover, Pierre. Julia is of the order of Hedda Gabler—a thoroughly neurotic woman utterly tired of her home. She has become Pierre's mistress, and is hidden by him in the pavilion in the garden of his mother's house. Pierre is a wretched youth of twenty, terrified lest his *liaison* may be discovered, and already weary to death of his Julia. In his querulous selfishness he reminds one exactly of the married son in "Rutherford and Son." It is evening, and Pierre has just slipped over to the pavilion to see Julia and inform her that her husband has been to call on his mother that afternoon, and that he believes that he suspects him—Pierre. As they sit there talking there is suddenly a knocking without, and Wittich enters slowly. He is a big man, and Pierre and Julia are filled with terror. But, instead of behaving in the obvious manner, he is all weak and sobbing. They begin to pluck up heart, and presently are talking to him in a grand manner. All at once Wittich, under some impulse of rage, leaps up and stabs Julia dead. Pierre rushes wildly into the darkness. The curtain falls.

It is what one might call a morbid play, but it is very impressive. The characters of Julia and Pierre are conceived with rare insight into a certain type of disordered personality.

"Margot," as was mentioned before, is another play modelled, apparently, on Ibsen. Its subject is unpleasant, but its treatment highly arresting. It is just this—the psychology of a girl who has been seduced at an early age. The mother has kept the fact from the father, and the only other person who knows about it is the middle-aged family lawyer. These two together have, after three years of scheming, made the man promise to marry Margot. She has consented to their plans until he has actually proposed—when she declines him. This is when the play opens. The mother, who has an idea that this marriage alone will re-habilitate her daughter in her own eyes, brings her to call on the lawyer, and while she is sent out of the room tells him everything. He then sees Margot alone, and their conversation practically constitutes the play. Her character, as shown to us little by little, is, perhaps, the most interesting thing in either of these two volumes. She is compounded of those contradictions that so delight the psychologists of to-day; and, it need hardly be added, she is utterly different from what her mother supposes. Then gradually it comes out that the man she is really in love with is the lawyer, who, fortunately, is really in love with her. The play ends on a note of hope.

"The Last Visit," again, shows signs of Ibsen in its unexpectedness, but it shows them less markedly. A captain has been shot dead in a duel, and the body is lying in the next room awaiting removal. The young girl, whose father and mother used to look after the captain, and who herself used often to take in his meals, is sitting there, when a veiled lady enters bearing a wreath. She was the late captain's beloved, but as she is already married she has to be cautious. The young girl is very quiet and respectful, and retires from sight, leaving the veiled lady (a countess) to talk alone with Lieutenant von Wolters, a friend of the deceased. There is mention of some compromising letters, and she induces the lieutenant to open the desk and search for them. They cannot be found, and the veiled lady, in exasperation, says some harsh things about the captain. Thereupon the young girl enters, hands her a bundle of letters, and begs her to take away her wreath, after what she has heard her say:

THE LADY: What do you say to that, Herr von Wolters? This person acts as if she were the mistress of the house!

DAISY (*proudly*): I am.

THE LADY (*stares at her through her lorgnette and smiles*): Oh, really!

DAISY (*her bearing pure and proud*): The night before he died I became his wife.

That is somewhat in the Ibsen manner, is it not?

The last of these seven plays is "The Far-Away Princess." It is a very light comedy, not without a touch of symbolism. It relates how a princess came to an inn, and was mistaken by a young tutor for a girl of the same class as himself. He tells her how he has fallen in love with the princess, although he has never even seen her, and he explains how wonderful his princess is, how far above them in every way. The princess, who is an unhappy, ailing girl, listens with secret pleasure, and when he discovers who she is she offers him a rose out of her hat, "because the unreal must always dwell in the imagination." It is a pretty comedy, but its substance is very slight.

So of the plays we have discussed one may say that "Fritzchen," "Streaks of Light," and "Margot," are the most remarkable, "The Eternal Masculine" the most *recherché*, while "Teja" is the least interesting, or rather the only truly uninteresting one.

RICHARD CURLE

THE SPORTING INSTINCT.*

Martin Swayne delighted a host of readers by that book of amazing wit and cleverness, "Lord Richard in the Pantry." He is a young novelist who moves on wholly unconventional lines, and who might take as his motto the ancient saying: "*Nullius addictus sum jurare in verba magistri.*" In his new book he is thinking of the proverb "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out of the window." He recognises that one of the greatest tragedies of human life is the sudden sweeping away of the material resources on which our earthly happiness depends. Such a loss makes a deeper impression, specially on the middle-aged, than the sharpest bereavement. It may be compared to the physician's overwhelming verdict that death must come ere long by a lingering and torturing disease. Yet that sentence has often called forth unsuspected heroism. The patient rises above sordid and mean concerns, for he sees a way of escape beyond the trial. For the misery of a loss of fortune there are few compensations, if the loser has been accustomed from childhood to a self-indulgent existence. Martin Swayne's heroine, Mrs. Ellershawe, a beautiful woman on the sunny side of forty, is the wife of a country gentleman with a fortune of £3,000 a year, and has a personal income of £400. When the novel opens she is mistress of Branscombe Lodge, a leader of local society, who refuses to invite to her Christmas party the wealthy Fritton family, because their fortune has been made out of a hair-wash. She persists in her refusal although her good-natured husband remonstrates, "Hair is one of the few things that are really worth restoring." Mrs. Ellershawe loves spending money. While the message of doom lies in the house unopened, she plans a visit to the stores in London for new fish-knives, dining-room carpet, and a twenty-guinea electric plate-warmer for the sideboard. When the crash comes she finds herself bound for life to an inferior man, a selfish, greedy child-husband, who settles down apathetically to live on her small means in a villa on the Sussex coast. Martin Swayne's astonishing genius is best displayed in the portraiture of Phil Ellershawe. Here is a vigorous, self-satisfied man in the prime of life, with an enormous appetite, and a taste for out-door amusements. He shouts and bangs tables and utters "inarticulate roars that typify the jungle." "If I was poor," he exclaims, "I would work for my bread and butter and not complain." And again, "If I had had to work, I believe I would have got on. . . . I don't pretend to be a genius. But compared with most men——

"Fifteen years ago, at his marriage, he had spoken in a very loud voice. Since then, the experiences of life had done nothing to soften it." The loud voice, the roaring joviality, the school-boy brag, tolerable enough to his wife and his neighbours in the wealthy squire, become odious in the tenant of a little seaside villa, whose days are spent on the golf-links, who eats and drinks more than is good for him, and bullies his wife for an occasional five-pound note. She says at last with bitter contempt: "Why don't you do something to earn a decent livelihood?"

* "The Sporting Instinct." By Martin Swayne. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The beautiful, popular woman comes to hate this lazy loafer, and the situation is saved only by the patient chivalry of Major Singleton, a friend with all the innate nobility of Colonel Newcome. We have never read a book which described with such masterly analysis the torments of the pleasure-lover who has suddenly lost riches and social prestige. Without a large income, Mrs. Ellershawe confesses: "I might as well not have lived; just as a flower might as well not have lived if its roots wither just as it begins to bloom." In mediæval torture-chambers, we are shown to-day the narrow space behind a grating from which the judge once listened to the confessions of the sufferers, with the desk at which he wrote, and the lantern which shed its flickering light upon his paper. Martin Swayne has a keen ear for life's tragic undertones, and a lantern that searches to the depths of souls. He has produced a novel of extraordinary merit, daring and original in conception and full of vivacity in detail. The fabric is encrusted with dazzling gems. We can scarcely turn a page without lighting on an epigram, yet there is nothing forced or centrifugal in the talk of any of the characters. We take a few examples at random:

"Without character one is as useless as a railway without rails."

"A woman with so many jewels must have had an interesting past."

"The literature of satisfaction, of the millions of people who have attained pleasure, is unwritten. It is easy to write about sad things, Sir George, but no one can write about pleasure. You cannot write with white ink on white paper."

"A great deal of bread is crumbled by wives in villas because so many situations occur in which it is the only thing to do."

"Since motors were introduced a great impetus has been given to the manufacture of falsehoods in the home, as well as on the rubber market."

"London is full of husbands who never recover from their wives. They marry, and one hears nothing more about them. Occasionally you meet them in the street, wandering along with their eyes on the pavement, in a state of helpless contentment."

"Genealogical trees cast deep shadows."

"Happiness is an act of courage," she said at length. "No one can be happy without the courage to be happy.'"

"'You can't expect a person, after being swept away by an avalanche, to sit up and pick out the edelweiss that has been carried down with it.'"

Mrs. Ellershawe has been swept away by an avalanche and for a while she is dazed and stupefied. When the story ends she has regained her foothold, and is searching for the white flower of happiness among the rocks above the glacier's edge. Martin Swayne's new novel places him in the front rank of our younger fiction-writers. No book of the season deserves a wider popularity.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY.*

The source of half the present social confusion is to be found in our habit of taking words for things. We discuss words; we agitate about words; we legislate for words; and then we wonder why the more things change the more they remain the same. In philosophy this pother about words does not matter. Empiricism, pragmatism, nominalism, realism,—no one gets into a passion over these, nor do they trouble humanity at large. They are merely tools; they are aids to clear thinking. But the social terms are another story. Socialism and individualism, the rich and the poor, the upper classes, the middle classes and the lower classes, tariff reform and free trade, capital and labour—these, so far from being tools of thought or aids to clear thinking, are actually the chief means of confusing issues and obscuring thought. There are no things to correspond with these words. The same writer or speaker may use them in a dozen different senses in as many lines; and you may be sure that, when he is hard pressed for something to say, he will cover his ignorance by some abstraction to which he cannot attach any clear meaning. If every person who made argumentative use of such words could be sentenced to something lingering with boiling oil in it we should be really on the road to better things.

"Aristocracy" and "democracy" are a bad pair of offenders. Someone enthusiastically defends the principle of aristocracy—that is, government by the best—a proposition so obvious and so vague that assent is easy; but then you discover presently that by "aristocracy" he means the House of Lords or the people who live in Grosvenor Square. Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, the author of this searching and suggestive volume, leaves us in no doubt about his meaning. By the aristocracy he means those who have been educated at the more expensive public schools, and his book is really an indictment of the public school system.

We are hearing a good deal just now about the public school man. He is being rather significantly boomed in newspapers of a certain class. It is the public school man, we are told, who has made England what she is; to which the obvious retort is that it is time another kind of person came along to make England what she isn't. Mr. Ponsonby's criticism is most valuable. Some of it is open to question, and some of it is undeniably true; but the whole issue is one that everybody ought to face. It is this: What kind of person is it, really, who forms the bulk of our legislators, our permanent officials, our ministers of state? Are we satisfied, or shall we change our masters—in all senses of the term? Everybody with a vote and everybody who hopes to get a vote ought to read this book.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "The Decline of Aristocracy." By Arthur Ponsonby 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

COURT GOSSIP.*

For years the historians of royal personages have been entertaining the public with anecdotes about monarchs and

* "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870." Edited by her Great-Granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. With Portraits. 15s. net. (Murray.)

Sarah, Lady Lyttelton, in 1850.

From a drawing by J. Swinton.

From "Correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lyttelton," edited by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. (John Murray.)

princes, and particularly about Queen Victoria, culled from the letters of Lady Sarah Lyttelton; and now that these letters appear publicly in volume form they are likely to be eagerly sought after by the many who prefer the whole to the part. They have been arranged, annotated and connected, where necessary, with explanatory paragraphs in a thoroughly pleasant manner by Mrs. Hugh Wyndham, who also contributes an introduction.

Sarah Spencer was born in 1787, and in 1813 was married to Mr., afterwards Lord, Lyttelton, who, dying in 1837, left his lonely wife free to take office at Court, as a Lady of the Bedchamber. Later on her sterling qualities caused her to be appointed governess to the Royal children. The letters begin in 1804 and continue for about sixty years, thus providing not only a biographical account of the family, but a profusion of anecdotes and good stories about illustrious people, with descriptions of travel in Sweden, Russia and Italy.

We feel sympathy with the Maids of Honour whose every going out and coming in was marked, and who would come to beg Lady Lyttelton to allow them "to walk on the terrace" for a little, "or to stroll *just for once alone* on the slope" at Windsor; we are amused at the spectacle of Lord Melbourne trying daily to revolutionize his stomach with "*consommés*, truffles, pears, ices and anchovies," and at the Duchess of Kent who, dissolved into tears because the Queen of Portugal was ill, called Lady Lyttelton to come and see her cry and to comfort her; or again with the same royal lady who, when at a review, fell into "a sad worry" for fear the Queen should catch cold, or Lady Barrington be knocked up (she was the only lady on horseback) or at least that the *riflemen should wet their feet.*" We see Prince Albert indulging in floods of tears over the death of his father, so affecting his secretary that he had to retire with an acute nervous headache; and then again we see him with tender fatherly care fitting a tiresome glove on his little son's fingers. Another amusing incident is that of the old Duke of Cambridge who was in the habit of thinking aloud, and who, being at Chatsworth, while on his knees at family prayer, exclaimed, "A d——d good habit this." Here and there we get a happy phrase or a touch of wit, such as that which someone utters, concerning a rainy season, "the winter is come to spend the summer here," most applicable to our past summer.

The pictures of our Royal family are very discreet, so much so that justice seems scarcely to be done to Queen Victoria, who is impressed upon us as a blushing, smiling ingenue, her face always betraying a vivid or complaisant happiness. This however would be caused by the royal command for secrecy about Palace events and is not the fault of Lady Lyttelton, who would, however, be at liberty to say all the pretty things she wished.

Not the least pleasing feature of this book is the delightful impression it gives of Lady Lyttelton herself, with her kindly outlook upon men and things. It contains some interesting portraits and some amusing caricatures from the pencil of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, Lady Lyttelton's mother, who was a woman of very marked personality.

CLARE JERROLD.

SLICES OF LIFE.*

One would imagine, to read some current criticism, that the only real things in this world were just those things that the world would be better without. Authors are dubbed realistic because they confine the exercise of their talents within the narrowest bounds and attach an exaggerated importance to the most artificial and least well-known aspects of the human comedy; whereas true realism consists in giving a picture of life in which the light and shade are in their due proportions.

No writer is a true realist who, by his incessant harping upon such details as soil the vision, hurt the soul, and antagonise the mind, raises a spirit of revolt in his reader and offends his susceptibilities. For though we none of us see eye to eye with even those who are most in sympathy with us, there is an approximate common standpoint from which the sane judgment contemplates life in the large; and this is the standpoint that the would-be realist must seek to attain.

For, after all, we do assuredly know that laughter is rather more common than tears, health than sickness, fun than wretchedness, humour than pathos, happiness than unhappiness. We do know that, despite the Psalmist, we are not all desperately wicked and irretrievably cynical or stupid or base, that goodness plays a very much larger part in the affairs of everyday than evil, that there is more light than darkness, and that even the darkest night is not so absolutely black as the day is bright, because of the moon and stars which, though their radiance be veiled in cloud, still do something to temper the gloom.

Knowing this, then, it is strange that we should have exalted to the high place which true realism ought to occupy, that false realism which, though exact and accurate in detail as an auctioneer's catalogue ought to be, is often in its total effect as misleading. It is strange that we should seem to prefer to believe in the reality of those things that shock and disgust and depress us rather than in those things that are pleasant and beautiful and holy. Because our hearts do realise that there is, all said and done, more idealism than materialism upon earth, and more nobleness than depravity in man; or the destiny of the human race would not so surely if slowly trend upward, and our gaze would not be so resolutely set upon the sky.

These reflections have been suggested by three books, lying before me as I write, each after its own fashion an essay in realism. And it is proof of the variability of realistic methods that these three books are utterly unlike one another.

First, there is Mr. Pett Ridge, with another of his inimitable studies of London character. Hetty—"Devoted"—Sparkes is a domestic servant; and it has been reserved for Mr. Pett Ridge to discover that domestic servants have other functions in life than that of providing comic relief in second-rate farces and melodrama. He daringly depicts "slaveys" as creatures with weaknesses and passions, longings and aspirations, very similar to those which animate the ordinary human being. And that is the queer thing about Mr. Pett Ridge. He deals so faithfully with the facts of human nature and so fantastically with the facts of life. His people are all quite probable, and yet the wildest improbabilities happen to them. In one place his heroine, Hetty, is reminded that "the world was not a play at the Marlborough, where one always felt sure that a happy solution of difficulties would be found just before eleven o'clock." And yet that is precisely what Mr. Pett Ridge himself makes the world out to be. In another place Hetty and her father encounter an acquaintance "by one of those coincidences so frequent that they cease to surprise, at the moment when her name was on their lips." And truly, however much such coincidences may affect us in everyday existence, they have long since ceased to surprise us in books by this author, where the most casual acquaintances are bound to meet again, so that all may stand before the curtain in a row in the last chapter to make their final bow to the audience.

Of the other two books Mr. Robert Halifax's novel, specifically described as "A Slice of Life," is the greater surprise to me. It is a very creditable study of a rather new phase of London life. It tells of the infatuation of a young clergyman for a wild sort of girl, who is half a Cockney and half Greek or Italian. For this girl's sake the clergyman gives up his sacred vocation, and behaves generally in a way that is not only unworthy but unlikely. It would be too much to say that the incidents described are impossible, but certainly they are most unusual, and so the book fails of authenticity. And this is a pity, because the girl's uncle, Mr. Donno, her cousin Bill, the

* "Devoted Sparkes." By W. Pett Ridge. 6s. (Methuen.)
"A Slice of Life." By Robert Halifax. 6s. (Constable.)
"Clara: Some Chapters in the Life of a Hussy." By A Neil Lyons. 6s. (Lane.)

professional pugilist, and most of the minor characters are freshly and convincingly drawn. Moreover, this book is written with both force and humour. The dialogue is especially admirable, and there are some passages of real beauty. Mr. Halifax should astonish us all some day, for certainly he has the root of the matter in him.

And then there is Mr. Neil Lyons. I have exhausted my superlatives on Mr. Neil Lyons, long ago. He is, I think, without question or cavil, the supreme English humorist, if he is nothing more. One does not like to use fine words recklessly; but if he has not some glimmerings of genius I am no better than a soused gurnet. In "Clara" he has given us a book of short stories and sketches, linked together by the most slender of threads, in which there are chapters—such chapters as "Kettles to Mend"—that seem to take you by the throat, as it were, and choke both sobs and laughter out of you. There is an elusive, distinctive quality that no other living author possesses in the wistful beauty of Mr. Neil Lyons' pathos, the rich, full-bodied flavour of his humour that tingles on the palate like good wine, his gracious gift of sympathy, his clear-eyed philosophy—implied rather than expressed—and the delicate power with which he handles the most tragic issues. His people are not merely life-like; they are alive. He does not so much describe a thing as show it to you. His work reminds us not that the stars of Heaven are made of dust, but that it is the dust which makes the stars to light the world.

EDWIN PUGH.

ENGLISH PROSE RHYTHM.*

"Acquit me," says Professor Saintsbury, "of the impudence or the folly of thinking that I could say even an interim last word on the secrets of rhythmical charm. . . . You can never get at the final entelechy which differentiates Shelley and Shakespeare from the average versifier, Cluvenius and myself from Pater or from Browne." But "you can attend to the feature composition of the beautiful face, and so you can dignify and intensify your appreciation of them," and "this is best done in prose, as in verse, by the application of the foot system." "When that partition is mastered, to go over it will, to the right ears and fingers, give a similar pleasure to that given by playing and hearing a piece of music which you have not made for yourself, and which you could not make for yourself." In brief, a pianola. Into this invention, it is claimed, we will be able to slip the great prose-records and otherwise draw out their dumb music.

Well, however ingenious the system and analysis may be, there is a certain ruefulness on some of these pages, only half whimsical, when Professor Saintsbury contemplates results. For, as results go, they are meagre: "the Law of English prose-rhythm is variety"—"what apparently makes the charm of English prose is not uniformity but variety"—"Variety is the moon that governs the waves of prose, Order the sun that directs the orbits of verse"—this is almost the only general law he can deduce; and what does it amount to, after all, but a confession that the law is there is no law, the principle of prose is lack of it?

But it is not in Mr. Saintsbury to be barren, and the joy of this book is its rebelliousness. Once committed to its enterprise, it held indomitably on, but it only manages to sustain it by continually breaking bounds—making unofficial sorties, private raids, blandly disobeying its own orders even while it utters them; and these mutinies are its salvation. He had pledged himself to explain the charm of a sunset, leaving out the elements of light and colour, and of course it couldn't be done; and in a little while, without a word being said, we find him wallowing in the scarlet and the gold. Superbly responsive to beauty of every kind, with every sense alive and sure, Mr. Saintsbury leaps delightedly towards all the other elements that make prose prose colour, content, glimmering association, mirrored image, even (though more reluctantly) the picture-making power of printed letters, the capacity of prose, no longer read aloud, to play a subtler tune for the eye. His relish is amazing, quite unequalled: the glee with which his periods pounce upon a happy phrase and carry it off shoulder-high, singing songs of admiration as they go—the catholicity of his homage, as devout before Carlyle as Pater, as grateful for Malory as Meredith,—and the niceness with which this gusto is discriminated, microscopically graduated for all its giant length—make the book, in spite of much that is wanton, turbulent, otiose, a royal guide to the finer pleasures of our tongue. Running through it all is the golden sense of adventure: in spite of its elaborate inter-chapters, annotations, glossaries, appendices and tables, it still refuses to be thought of as anything but a prolonged improvisation, a happy-go-lucky plunge into the unknown; and the excitement spreads to the reader. There is not a dead, stale, dingy or automatic sentence in the book, and very few that are tedious; and even when he is deepest among his amphibrachs and epitrites Mr. Saintsbury's imagination warms and quickens them with colour, he handles them with much the joy John Davidson took in the terminology he cribbed from chemistry, and often, so great is the crash and revel of the ranging terms meeting and parting in a drama, that even the sceptic is intoxicated and begins to think of pianolas less aloofly. But though that, of course, is an illusion, all the other enlivening properties hold good. The book's main theory will not help us much, but it has made a perfect platform for many utterances that will.

D. S.

*English Prose Rhythm. By Professor George Saintsbury. 14s. net. (Macmillan.)

VIEWS AND REVIEWS.*

One of the surest tests of a writer's skill and power to interest is employed when he produces a volume of essays. The biographer, the historian, the novelist have each their story to tell; they have, one may say, fixed lines on which to weave their work, and they may weave it well or ill. But the essayist weaves each bit from threads which he himself must first spin, and the brilliance and beauty of his work as a whole depends upon his own capability.

Mrs. Andrew Lang is eminently an essayist; the present volume proves it. She is not what we understand by the term "a stylist," but her writing is distinctive by reason of its admirable lucidity of expression, its humour devoid of flippancy, its aptness, and its fine literary sense. In her dozen and a half of essays we have biographical sketches, pictures of social life in past centuries, comments upon ordinary matters, criticisms of literary subjects; and each and all are illuminated by the genial light thrown upon them by the broad-minded and talented writer.

The first essay in the volume is "A Poseuse of the Eighteenth Century." The "poseuse" is Madame de Genlis, and we get what one might call a silver-point-cinematograph portrait of the lady who as a child ran "about the country dressed as Cupid (wings omitted for Church)"; who inspired a violent passion of love at the age of eleven; who was married in her teens; became, at twenty-four, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess de Chartres; and who, later, was selected as "governor" to the sons and daughters of Philippe Egalité. Mrs. Lang gives all the light and shade necessary to the picture of Paris and the "poseuse," with the result that this lady of a past century, with her talents, her loves, her spites, her ideas, re-lives in this little book-of-life of less than a score of pages in length.

Two other essays, short and delightful essays of comment, are "Trials of the Wife of a Literary Man" and "Art in Country Inns and Lodging Houses." These show us the essayist, not as a student of books, but as an observer of human nature. In all probability the truths in the former essay will not deter one single bride from matrimony with a literary bridegroom, nor will the latter description give one landlady pause as she ties the ribbon bow over the picture

* "Men, Women and Minxes." By Mrs. Andrew Lang. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

in her parlour, or places the plush-framed photograph upon her "what-not"; but they will give entertainment to scores of understanding readers.

Of the critical essays, the reviews, one may say that Mrs. Lang possesses that valuable knack, the knack of sending readers to the original book. She creams her subject delightfully, skilfully. With genuine excitement we have turned again to that egregious, yet seemingly immortal book, "The Fairchild Family." Mrs. Lang asks what it is "that makes the incidents in the daily life of these intolerable children, and their yet more intolerable parents, stick in our minds." Answering from personal memory, we venture the answer that it is because the children did fall from grace continually, because they *were* so humanly wicked at times, were such sinners in spite of the self-righteous atmosphere in which they lived, that we read with a fascinated satisfaction of their ever-recurring evil deeds. It is a book which appeals to one's sporting instinct in childhood, and one's sense of humour in later years. We have not space to refer to all the essays in the volume, the reminiscences, the memoirs of old families, the pictures of earlier modes and manners. But to bookmen we may remark that in "Morals and Manners In Richardson," they will find one of the most attractive items in a wholly attractive book. It is a piece of sane, clever, vivacious criticism, in which we detect that on the subject of Richardson *versus* Fielding Mrs. Lang is quite sound.

Our grumble comes last. Frankly, we do not like the book's title. Again, there are awkwardnesses of expression which are regrettable in such good work, and should have been set right in "proof." For instance:—"They cultivate surface-emotions as part of their stock-in-trade, on the same principle as the hardest-hearted people are most easily moved by a play" (p. 42); and "There is only one member of society whose testimony is absolutely trustworthy and unbiassed, and that of a younger brother" (p. 48). Then surely Mrs. Lang is confusing Eliza Haywood's novel "Betsy Thoughtless" with Sarah Fielding's "David Simple" (p. 115); and Mrs. Sinclair's cook-maid sat up to read the simple *History of Dorastus and Faunia*, not *Dorastius*. We like to see good books free from blemishes of this avoidable nature; but, our small grumble over, we thank the writer for a very charming volume.

THE BOOK OF WONDER.*

"Come with me, ladies and gentlemen who are in any wise weary of London: come with me: and those that tire at all of the world we know: for we have new worlds here." Those who accept Lord Dunsany's invitation will not be disappointed, for here are new worlds indeed: worlds of improbable adventure, inhabited by Gnoles and Gibbelins and other strange beings; Dubious Lands and Cities of Never. Perhaps Lord Dunsany harps a little too often on one theme: the impossible quest, which in ordinary fairy tales is successfully achieved, but here terminates disastrously for the adventurer. It is, however, a theme well suited alike to his power of describing the uncanny and the magnificent and to his ironical humour. "The Probable Adventure of the Three Literary Men" and "The Quest of the Queen's Tears" are gems in this kind. But Lord Dunsany is capable of a higher art than the grotesque. He writes prose of great beauty, with inner rhythm as well as external decoration, and his imagination is of a fine quality. "The Bride of the Man-Horse" is unsurpassable as a piece of rhythmical prose. One hears the beat of the centaur's hoofs as he rushes across the world. "How One came, as was foretold to the City of Never," gives wings to one's thoughts and sends them soaring in the wake of the hippogriff. Best of all, perhaps, is "The Magic Window," with its exquisite picture, clear-cut yet remote, of the "mediæval city set with towers. Brown roofs and cobbled streets, and then white walls and buttresses, and beyond them bright green fields and tiny streams. . . ." It is the very spirit of Dürer or of Malory. But even more exquisite and more imaginative than Lord Dunsany's stories are the drawings of Mr. Sime. Beauty of line, grace and rhythm of movement, mystery of atmosphere, all characterize them. As illustrations they are entirely satisfactory, blending humour and beauty in Lord Dunsany's own proportions. But as works of art they are self-sufficient; they do not need the text to explain or justify them. In any collection of modern black-and-white, "Zeetazoola," "He Felt as a Morsel," and (above all) "The City of Never" would be notable.

* "The Book of Wonder." By Lord Dunsany. Illustrated by S. H. Sime. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

The edge of the World.

From "The Book of Wonder," by Lord Dunsany. (Heinemann.)

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.

Johnson said: "When men come to like the sea they are not fit to live on land;" he also adumbrated the opinion that "a ship is a prison, with the chance of being drowned," and that "a ship is worse than a jail," etc., of the same kind and very much Johnsonian-thundered dogmatism, with all the mighty, sword-edged-like breadth of the insular Englishman at his terrible worst. We have known women who thought as Johnson did of these things, but not men. Apropos, however, what would the great one have said of such men as the late Captain Joshua Slocum, who, single-handed, with "no dorg nor no cat" even, sailed a sloop around the world; of other men who did similar things during the past century, and now of Captain du Baty?*

* "Fifteen Thousand Miles in a Ketch." By Captain Raymond Rallier du Baty. Illustrated. 2s. net. (Nelson & Co.)

It appears that the last-named, with his brother as mate, a cook, and a "for'ard crowd" of three hands, sailed the *J. B. Charcot* (named after Dr. Charcot, the Antarctic explorer), a Boulogne fishing ketch of 45 tons, from that port to Melbourne—distance, 15,000 miles. They left the Channel in September 1907, and arrived at their destination, July, 1908, after touching at such places as Tristan da'Cunha, Kerguelen and the like. No wonder that Prince Roland Bonaparte, President of the French Geographical Society, said to the two brothers: "You are sixteenth century adventurers, who have been lost in the twentieth." And the reason of it all?—apparently no more than that which prompts men to try to reach the Poles, cross deserts when ninety-nine per cent. of persons would just go round, essay to swim the Channel, and other ventures of the same sort: *i.e.*, a desire to do the thing. And it will be a bad day for the human race when none of its members are actuated by such "fooleries." But the du Batys did more than merely cover the 15,000 miles of ocean in a craft that somewhat reminds one of Drake's *Golden Hind*. Says the narrator:

"We explored a good many unknown islands and mapped many uncharted coasts and hidden reefs, and made a great number of soundings in narrow straits strewn with rocks, by which my fellow-sailors of all nations will benefit when they pass that way. We also brought back a good many specimens, geological, botanical and entomological, new to the museums; so that in a scientific way the results of the little trip were interesting."

Still, he adds, this is

"The story of my adventures, rather than of my discoveries. People are still interested in the romance of the sea. I remember with what excitement I have read all such stories from 'Robinson Crusoe' downwards. My narrative may be read in the same spirit."

And in that same spirit the story is told—a simple record of fact, where one's appreciation of things done is not divided by the claims of the manner of their telling.

As in Captain du Baty we have a good example of the true and hardy adventurer, so in Mr. Chatterton* we find an equally fair instance of the summer wanderer on comparatively smooth waters—the coastwise adventurer in flannels or white "ducks," with the smell of the land always at his nostrils, and those store-houses and amenities of civilisation by which trade and inventors have so considerably helped us on the road to "soft jobs," spring mattresses, cigarettes, divan chairs, and a general desire to do nothing. But all things are needed to make a composite whole; and all things have their uses. So while the Slocums, the du Batys, etc., give us the meats and the strong seasonings which our jaded appetites demand in the repast, Mr. Chatterton and his kind furnish us, summer after summer, with the lighter courses—and, yes, at times with the liqueur, the coffee and the cigarette; we cannot say cigar, and still less, a pipe. Yet Mr Chatterton has in him a sense of the whole meal. Mark:

"There are two ways of taking a cruise. The first is to sail from one port to another for the sheer delight in reaching a definite place. The joy of seamanship, navigation, and life on board is in itself complete."

Just so. Why, cutting out the real dangers, the bitter cold, gales, walrus hunting, etc., what but this was the 15,000 miles passage of the ketch? Mr. Chatterton might almost have doubled both the Horn and the Cape—as he did in miniature along our side of the Channel in the *Vivette* a year or two ago.

"The other plan, however, is to sacrifice none of the pleasures of sailing, but to add to these all the interest which can be derived from the people and the places visited."

So he took his four-tonner to Holland, had dangers and mishaps by the way, traversed some of the level streams, noted the windmills and the peculiar green of the grass and—who shall say?—perhaps the no less peculiar taste of Schiedam before it is "prepared" for market (as we once did), conned the ever-smoking men of baggy breeches and *sabots*, and generally appears to have enjoyed himself—as anyone else may do at second-hand by reading his entertaining narrative of the trip. Indeed, as a log full of interest the book is a considerable advance on "Down Channel in the *Vivette*." There is more in this than the former log contained, and not altogether because the change of scene gave more to record. The style has improved greatly; it has become more terse and literary withal. Besides, Mr. Chatterton did not go to the land of dykes merely for pleasure and to produce a literary rendering of his amusement. He went there with a knowledge of the country's former higher place in the scale of nations, and with the well-kept intention of seeing more than the humorous side of superficial matters. As witness:

"The enthusiast who visits Holland only with the intention of studying its paintings is like a person who glues his eyes to one buttress of a Gothic cathedral. He has no idea of perspective; no sense of proportion. He cannot see a cathedral for stones."

Still there is plenty of humour in the book, and with it all the sailing directions that any reader may need in order to follow in Mr. Chatterton's wake. Also the illustrations are to be highly commended, as are the paper and the general get-up of the volume.

In the third book* we have an excellent collection of twenty-five re-told true stories for juveniles. Here Mr. Stead has shown praiseworthy taste and discrimination in compiling a book that should be in considerable demand as a gift to schoolboys, to whose understanding his plain, capital English will offer no obstacles, while the deeds of real heroism, perseverance and fortitude will be fine examples to youthful minds.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "Through Holland in the *Vivette*: The Cruise of a Four-Tonner from the Solent to the Zuyder Zee, through the Dutch Waterways." By E. Keble Chatterton. With over 60 Illustrations, Harbour Plans and Charts. 6s. net. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

* "Adventures in Southern Seas: Stirring Stories of Adventure among Savages, Wild Beasts and the Forces of Nature." By Richard Stead, B.A., F.R.Hist.S. With 17 Illustrations 5s. (Seeley, Service & Co.)

CHILDHOOD IN A NEW LIGHT.†

"It may well be," says George Gissing, "that what we call the unknowable will be for ever the unknown." He was thinking at the moment of such great questions as those of the future of the race, but his words are equally applicable to the problems of consciousness in children, in animals, and even in plant life. For gradually as we, the adult, self-expressing humans, become more sensitive, we open out in imaginative sympathy towards other more silent existences; we are always striving to push back the frontiers of the unknowable. This reflection suggests the scope and aim of "Tryfield," for this book, the joint work of two new authors, is a picture of childhood from within. It is as significant in the child world as Algernon Blackwood's work in the kingdom of the elemental.

Literature is full of delightful children: the gamin, the imaginative baby, the riotous schoolgirl or boy, all these move through the pages of Evelyn Sharp, Desmond Coke, and Rudyard Kipling. But it is on the child as jester that the attention of these writers is concentrated. From Peter Pan downwards it is with the child in his lighter moments that we are invited to sympathize. Comparing these delicate studies with one's own childhood, however veiled in the magic of distance that must now be, we have to confess that none of these stories does more than give us childhood before the footlights with accompaniment of slow music. Other things we find in our memories: strange warrings within the nature, passionate resistance to the power of circumstance, then especially typified in the rule of older people, the sordid fears and deceits of weakness in the midst of a tyrannical world. It is with such emotions as these that "Tryfield" deals in the person of a remarkably well-realized boy. "Al" Wainwright is the offspring of an unhappy marriage. His mother, a widow at the

† "Tryfield." By G. and M. Hayling. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

opening of the tale, makes a second marriage with a distinguished doctor, one Sir James Maine, likewise a widower with one son. All his brief life Al Wainwright has regarded himself as the centre of his little world, the protector of his mother, the patron of the two younger children, Muriel and baby Stephen. Now he devotes all the powers of his nature, first to resist his mother's marriage and then, when that is no longer possible, to spite the supplanter, to show him that he, the boy owner of Tryfield, is no helpless nonentity. It is an extremely simple theme, yet in the sure hands of the creators of Al we watch the struggle of the jealous, embittered child with keen pity, even with a half-sympathy. For the fight is so unequal; that of a beetle against a man. Sir James Maine is an admirable person, never failing in patience or tact towards either his own son Chris, or his adopted family. Yet we cannot help feeling, for all that, a certain smug piety in his intense forbearingness. For he is so powerful before the tiny might of a small child. He does everything with the best intentions. Yet he seems cruel when once we accept the child's point of view.

And that is the new note we hear in "Tryfield." There is in it no condescension towards the child soul, for we are made to feel its point of view. Al is an ill-conditioned little wretch, ungracious, deceitful and egotistic, but we pardon him exactly as we pardon ourselves when we have acted badly—and recognize it. In Al's case we feel, indeed, as an omniscient judge might feel, because every fibre of the child's jangled nature is in our grasp. Compared with other writers on children, the authors of "Tryfield" are like Russian realists. The extremes of wretchedness are not foreign to their comprehension. The gulf between the boy Al and the more kindly and commonplace children makes his case more vivid. Chris Maine is a gracious, kindly lad, who receives new-comers into his life with ever-ready welcome; Stephen is an engaging creature, who uses his tears as a weapon against the aggressive grown-ups. For "Tryfield" is all through a story of fathers and sons.

The adults occupy a curious place in the tale, a place not altogether consonant with the facts of life. Mrs. Wainwright and Sir James, we are given to understand, marry mainly to further the interests of their respective families, for they are both very good, very firmly devoted to duty. Apparently of personal aims they are as free as the lilies of the field. This attitude is perhaps natural in a person so dependent on children's whims as a somewhat helpless governess, but it is simply incredible in a man of the world. The grown-ups in "Tryfield" are irritatingly unco' guid and pious. And that is where the book fails, even in its point of view, for the authors' opinions clash with those of the child. Yet this attitude is, after all, quite characteristic of the age which is beginning to study children as never before. In this novel the central sun is the child about whom the adults revolve like planets in their orbits. A change, indeed, since the nips and bobs and pinches of Elizabethan authority!

Infinitely minute in detail, "Tryfield" is a psychological study of value, since it directly tends to drive back the frontiers of dull ignorance and stupidity in relation to children. Many boys and girls suffer as Al did, children with a kink in their natures, children ill-born in one sense, yet often with remarkable futures before them. For of how many a great man may it not be said that his boyhood was a martyrdom? We are deeply grateful to the authors of "Tryfield" for opening, not only our eyes, but our hearts.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

A KEEPER OF THE ROYAL ROBES.*

Miss Constance Hill adds something to our amusement in this, her latest book on Fanny Burney, and her pleasantly written narrative of the novelist at the Court of Queen Charlotte will doubtless find many readers. This work, however, interesting as it is, is for the general public. It will make little or no appeal to the student of history or to those versed in the annals of literature, because it does not add to the information which they already possess. To them the autobiography of Mrs. Papendiek, the letters of Horace Walpole, the famous Burney Diaries, and the other sources of which Miss Hill avails herself, are familiar. It is true, however, that Miss Hill has had the advantage, as we learn from her preface, of studying carefully the seven volumes of the "Diary and Letters" in the original manuscript, which were prepared for publication by the writer, when she had attained to the patriarchal age of four-score years, with the assistance of Mrs. Barrett, her niece. "The only change made in the manuscript was to leave out the first and last words of letters, so that the whole might be read in the form of a diary," Miss Hill tells us:

> "As regards the erased passages, they are treated in two ways—some being completely obliterated, others, on the contrary, merely marked for omission by two strokes of the pen. Among these latter there are some amusing scenes, which probably their writer considered too light and trivial to place before the world, but which have now become interesting as giving further pictures of her daily surroundings at Court, and which, therefore, are introduced into the present volume."

We are glad to have these hitherto unpublished passages, for everything that concerns Miss Burney is of considerable interest. The value of the book, it may at once be said, is much enhanced by the well-selected portraits, and by the delightful drawings, scattered throughout the volume, by Miss Ellen Hill.

Comedy is the keynote of the short period which Fanny Burney spent at the Court of Queen Charlotte, and though some writers affect to find the story tragic, the author of the "Diary," as all are aware, found in the situation much material for rich humour, that is, when she was not tired or bored, or out of spirits, as was sometimes the case. The post at Court offered to Miss Burney was that of Second Keeper of the Queen's Robes. The First Keeper was Mademoiselle Schwellenberg, a lady who has been handed down to posterity by her colleague and others in no very amiable light. A martinet she was, to be sure, and a very strong believer in the divine right of Queens. She placed her royal mistress on a very high pedestal, and prostrated herself, and expected others to do likewise. Above all, she was a loyal, if not always a discreet, servant, not seeking, in spite of her detractors, self-aggrandisement, albeit she had a keen sense of her own importance, an opinion unalloyed by any sense of humour. What Miss Burney wrote of her, and to her detriment, is too well known to be repeated. As a contrast to the novelist's account—and it must be remembered the pen of a novelist is a little inclined to embroidery—it is pleasant to find John Watkins, a biographer of Queen Charlotte, describing her as: "A well educated and highly-accomplished woman, extremely courteous in her manner, much respected by all the domestics of the royal household, and devotedly attached to the illustrious family with whom she lived, who, in their turn, entertained for her the sincerest affection."

> "With great *respect* I here assure you, Ma'am,
> Your name our common people loudly damn;
> *Genteeler* folk attack with silent curses."

Thus "Peter Pindar," most wanton of lampooners, when "the Schwellenberg" left England in 1789 on a visit to Germany. The unpopularity with the English of a German woman at the Court was a matter of course. The truth probably lies somewhere between the eulogy of Watkins and the depreciation by Fanny Burney.

If some space has been here devoted to Mademoiselle Schwellenberg, it is because she has ever been regarded as the principal objection which Miss Burney had to living at Court. Had the First Keeper really been so unpleasant, nay, so cruel, as the diarist insisted, is it conceivable that this lady would never have been provoked to retort upon her, or to treat her to some exercise of that considerable

* "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte." By Constance Hill. With numerous Illustrations by Ellen G. Hill, and reproductions of contemporary artists. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

fund of humour of which she was possessed? It is inconceivable. There were other objections, and probably more serious ones, to the enjoyment of the post in the royal household. Their Majesties were pleasant enough, but, as Macaulay put it:

"They fancied that to be noticed by them, to serve them, was in itself a kind of happiness; and that Frances Burney ought to be full of gratitude for being permitted to purchase, by the surrender of health, wealth, freedom, domestic affections and literary fame, the privilege of standing behind a royal chair and holding a pair of royal gloves."

An essay might be written about the vanity of princes, and another essay on the excuses to be made for them. The point at issue is, however, that Miss Burney voluntarily surrendered "health, wealth, freedom, domestic affections and literary fame"—not literary fame, for did she not at Court write much of the "Diary and Letters"? There was no necessity for her to do this. She was not in any state of destitution, she had many and valuable friends. She yielded to the opinions of those who thought that such a post was suitable, nay, a boon, for her. When later another body of her friends decided that such a post was not suitable for her, she resigned it. It is surely a little difficult to find much sympathy for one who left, or seems to have left, a decision of such moment to be decided for her by others, for, be it remembered, she was not a child when she went to the Queen's House, but a woman of four-and-thirty. She suffered there, most certainly, being deprived of the company of her friends; but, though she knew it not, she suffered for the benefit of posterity and to the great ultimate enhancement of her fame, for is there anything in her writings so good as that part of her "Diary and Letters," in which she describes her life at Court?

LEWIS MELVILLE.

MRS. MARRIOTT WATSON'S POEMS.*

Mrs. Marriott Watson belongs to a little school of poets wistful and dreamy, of the 'eighties and 'nineties, which had reached the last perfection in what, for want of a better word, one must call exquisiteness. Mr. Arthur Symons at his best, Dowson, who had a greater gift than either, were her only rivals. She was an essential poet.

Her husband's pious task of putting her poems together has been undertaken, perhaps, in a somewhat too inclusive spirit. I say perhaps, because while the mass of poetry, including the Juvenilia, takes from the perfection, by which she must stand, those Juvenilia and all the rest have their interest for the poetry-lover. In themselves the Juvenilia are remarkable. If her art later on attained to the exquisite, I do not think there is anything in the earlier poems that is negligible.

She had the true ballad spirit, and she had the Celtic temperament that is afraid of the dark. "The Blind Ghost," in the volume by which she came to be known, "The Bird Bride," is full of the feeling for the dark, for shadows, for ghosts. The fear rustles in the hair of the reader. But when all is said and done, hers was a very modern spirit. She was full of regrets and wistfulness. The solid earth was unstable beneath her feet. There was nothing of the stoic in her. She was in love with life and passionately afraid of death—so afraid that it makes the book sad reading. One feels the desire to comfort this poor frightened child, to tell her that out in the dark there is only freshness and dew and the stars—and the Infinite Mercy over all. She is modern in her phrases. Personally, I do not like in poetry words such as "crepuscle" and "nimbus": they are too deliberate. But having woven them into a web of many colours where they shine like strange jewels, she ends up on a magical note, clear as a bird's, although one hopes no bird was ever so sad:

"When I lie hid from the light
Stark, with the turf overhead;
Still on a rainy Spring night
I will come back from the dead."

She dreaded the darkness and yet she loved it. Few could render the rain on the boughs, the darkness of trees, as she could: yet it is characteristic of her muse that there was a lamp in her tree rather than a star; perhaps because she was afraid of the dark and the loneliness of the country, she was an urban poet. She knew the truth which the Londoner of imagination knows, that never, never, can the country put forth anything quite so exquisite as the first green on the black London trees, that never is a song in the depths of the country half so heartbreakingly beautiful as the song of the thrush or the blackbird sung from a tree whose feet are held in stones. She loved the country as only the Londoner loves it, with a passion that can never become staled. Oh, a wet spring night in London, and the west wind wandering in, bringing the quiet dark country in his breath! She is sensitive to the call and the magic:

"The air is dark and sweet,
This wet Spring night.
Spring, of the wandering feet,
The soundless flight,
Calls through the slow, soft rain,
O voice of gold!
Calls to me once again
As oft of old.

"The darkness sighs and stirs,
Blind, blind and slow;
Night-wandering loiterers,
The veiled airs go,
Mutes of the viewless spell,
The hidden power,
These, but my heart knows well
Its magic hour.

"My heart's one festival,
O far or near,
The Spring could never call
And I not hear.
Deep under graveyard grass,
It could not be—
The Spring could never pass
And I not see . . .

"My heart, my heart would break,
Could it be so;
To think that Spring should pass
And I not know."

She has the sense of vision with any poet one knows, and the gift of making lovers of her poetry see as she sees, feel as she feels. But one is oppressed with the desire that one might have given her hope. A veiled figure terribly loth to go, she passes out to a darkness she dreaded. But in this very note of hers lies her distinctiveness. In a sense her passion of revolt held within it a seed of hope and faith. She could not be indifferent. Life had given her good things besides the infinite beauty of the world. If the darkness did not hold something for her she would not have been so rebellious. There is nothing here of the cheerless cheerfulness of negation.

Perhaps some day there may be a small volume of selections—one does not quarrel with the collection—and may there be the right person to do it, someone in sympathy with her delights and her pangs.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

* "The Poems of Rosamond Marriott Watson." 5s. net. (John Lane.)

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL POET.*

As a complement of his new edition of the poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Mr. Douglas Sladen has written in collaboration with Miss Edith Humphris the amplest and most satisfactory biography of Gordon that has yet

* "Adam Lindsay Gordon and His Friends in England and Australia." By Edith Humphris and Douglas Sladen. With sixteen Sketches by Gordon and numerous other Illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

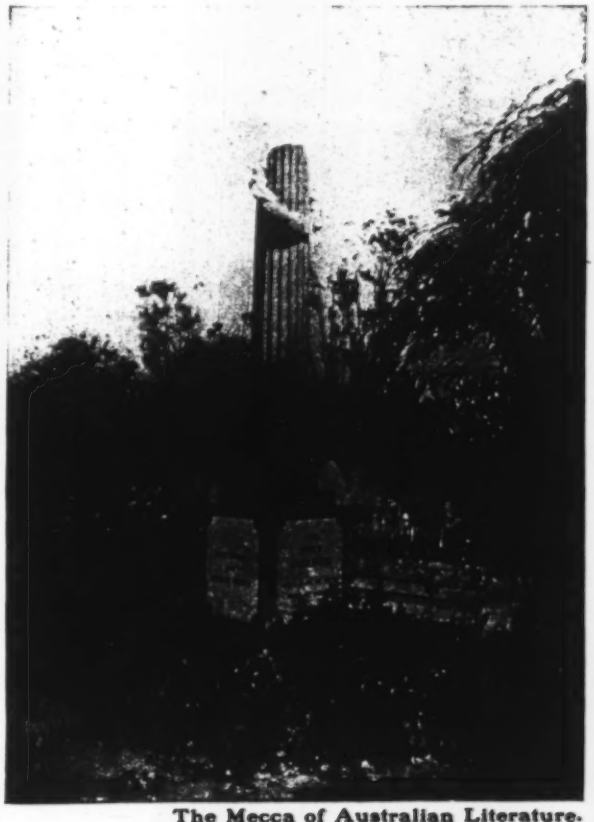
been published. Moreover, he has laid various surviving friends of the poet under contribution for personal recollections and opinions, and devotes one particularly interesting chapter to a talk with Gordon's widow, by Mr. C. R. Wilton.

The arrangement of the book is rather in the nature of patchwork. The first chapter contains an admirable account of Gordon's career, written by Mr. Sladen himself. This is followed by a collection of the epigrams and proverbial philosophy from Gordon's poems; by the talk with his widow; records gathered from friends of how he rode in Australia; his cousin's reminiscences of him; a table of his descent; a chapter about his father; other chapters about his boxing and racing experiences; a critical chapter, again by Mr. Sladen, on Gordon's poetry; then a key to the principal allusions in the poems; some poems not included in the collected edition, and a few bush songs attributed to Gordon. Here endeth the first part. The second part starts with "The Romance of Adam Lindsay Gordon," by Mr. Sladen, and is a pleasant story of his first love affair; this is succeeded by four chapters by Mr. J. M. Bulloch dealing with Gordon's ancestry; then come two of the most delightful chapters in the book containing Gordon's letters to Charley Walker, and others of his friends, with Mr. C. D. Mackellar's notes on the Gordon country in South Australia, and those reminiscences of various persons who knew Gordon to close the volume.

It is not perhaps an ideal arrangement, this giving some seventy odd pages at the outset to an outline of biography, and then amplifying and adding to it through nearly four hundred pages of appendices—for that is what the succeeding chapters actually are. But apart from its scheme the book fulfils its purpose very thoroughly. Its final merit is that it does leave you with a definite, vividly intimate picture of Gordon as he was known to men and women who were his contemporaries. You see him a mischievous schoolboy; as the most fearless of horsemen; as a member of Parliament, who "instead of thinking seriously of public affairs," was "as usual scribbling poetry most of the time. He used to throw one leg over the saddle while he was riding, in order to rest his paper upon it, and while he was engaged in composition it was no good speaking to him. He would give no reply. At the best of times he was uncommunicative, but under such circumstances he was deaf to outside affairs." His widow says also, "He was always too good to others, and he never thought enough of himself. Yes, if he had a fault, it was that he was too good, too open-handed, and too generous." Sir Frank Madden says he "rated horses above men," but Mr. George Riddoch says he "was not fond of talking horse; the only thing he cared to talk about much was poetry"; and so from one and another you get a composite portrait of a large-hearted, impulsive, recklessly courageous, curiously attractive and essentially masculine personality, and it is this same personality that you find living and moving through all his poetry.

"Beyond dispute," writes Mr. Sladen, "Gordon is the national poet of Australia. In Victoria and South Australia nearly every family owns Gordon's poems, and they are better known than any English poet's are known in England. And rightly, because Gordon is the voice of Australia. But for him Australian literature would be less loyal than it is to the Old Country. For all Australians respect a man who was so much after their own heart, who would stand up to anybody with his fists, or put a horse at anything; who loved the bush like a home and extorted the admiration of all bushmen; who founded Australia's school of grim fatalism; who voiced Australia's code of honour."

Whether we share Mr. Sladen's high opinion of his poems or not, there can be no question that Gordon was the authentic voice of the Australia of his generation, and that his influence on Australian life and thought has been and still is considerable. His wayward, fascinating character and romantic career make him a far more attractive, picturesque subject for biography than poets usually are, and it is not too much to say that in this handsomely produced, and well-illustrated volume, Mr. Sladen and Miss Humphris have profited by their opportunity and written one of the best and most interesting of recent literary biographies.



The Mecca of Australian Literature.
Gordon's Monument in the Brighton Cemetery, near Melbourne.
From a photo given by the late S. Milbourn, jun., to Mr. Sladen for reproduction. From "Adam Lindsay Gordon and his Friends in England and Australia," by Douglas Sladen and E. Humphris. (Constable.)

ASPECTS OF EXISTENCE.*

With the drama in the doldrums, thanks to the public preference for music-halls and picture-palaces, the Novel has become the prime means of expression of the national sense of art; and it is somewhat discouraging to realize how far from truly-excellent its average is. But we need not despair! The output of the novelists is enormous, portentous, even preposterous. The world groans under the weight of printed fiction, but the quality is not so bad as it might be. Here and there, popular favourites achieve successes which their works do not justify, for evidently that jade, Fortune, pours out royalties, as she does kisses, more according to favour than to desert; but we are not downhearted. The earnest endeavour shown in the large majority of the novels published gives continuous cause for hope. They may be inadequate, but are generally wrought with conscience; and although there is no promise of genius that way, there is still good scope for entertainment. Every one of the books mentioned below is carefully written; indeed, one or two would have been better for a little, let us say, semi-divine carelessness. But we may as well be appreciative of their honesty of intention, and "to their faults a little blind."

It is a sordid world to which Mr. Grant Richards introduces us. Good food, rich wines, well-dressed women,

* "Caviare." By Grant Richards. 6s. (Richards.)—"Molyneux of Mayfair." By Duncan Schwann. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham." By Gerard Bendall. 6s. (Lane.)—"The Wind Among the Barley." By M. P. Willcocks. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Larkmeadow: A Novel of the Country Districts." By Marmaduke Pickthall. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—"The Five of Spades." By Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"Lamorna." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)—"A Bottle in the Smoke: A Tale of Anglo-Indian Life." By Mrs. Milne Rae. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"General Mallock's Shadow." By W. B. Maxwell. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

waltz-music, glitter, rush, and gambling: a common enough experience, doubtless, to not a few; but still a strange world, the *demi-monde*, just heartless, selfish, and insincere. The Amiable Charles, is a younger son, troubled with enough means to be idle. He knows European restaurants too well; head-waiters beam on him everywhere, and enough dishes are referred to—how Mr. Richards loves talking menu!—to give an ordinary gourmet indigestion. Then he meets Alison, the daughter of an American financier who is sowing elderly wild-oats in Paris; and loves, loves so decidedly that he induces Poppa to let him be her suitor, provided that within a year he "makes good,"—we cannot help using Mr. Richards' Americanisms. How the Amiable Charles accomplishes this, and wins his wishes, is almost miraculous. He makes a million on the New York Stock Exchange within a couple of days; and, otherwise, proves able to do more than merely wear a monocle. "Caviare" is unusually interesting. There is no question of its cleverness; but it will, indeed, be Caviare to such of the general public as do not care particularly for the technicalities of the gaming tables or the false lights and glitter of the half-world.

Two other novels which, also, in different ways, treat of the half-world which the comfortably-off may indulge in, are Mr. Duncan Schwann's "Molyneux of Mayfair," and "The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham," which Mr. Gerard Bendall, with his effective and flippant pen, makes play with. Mr. Schwann's Molyneux is a complete bachelor of forty, possibly a distant cousin of the aforesaid Amiable Charles. He is cynical and selfish; his aspect of life is largely concerned with froth and with frills. His passages and experiences are amusing. It is so unflaggingly bright that at times its very brightness tends to cloy. Mr. Bendall gives us more of a "plotty" story. His dear friends, the Bressinghams, are well-off and attractive. She is lovely; he distinguished-looking; but, in their retirement, for they are wealthy and have passed the bridge of forty—forty is growing fashionable to the heroes of modern fiction—they find the world apt to stale. He, thereupon, spends a good deal of time with his niece, Stella Harrington, a light-comedy fluffy actress who loves Offenbach; while his wife admires the *beaux yeux* of a young artist, Orlando; but their philandering is all very harmless. Both are at loose ends when the Fate that looks after the wedded, carries them to Paris, and there, in rather a French manner—this book would go better in French—Bressingham sees his wife with new eyes, and falls in love again.

The next two books treat of life in English villages, Larkbeare and Larkmeadow; and, spite the similarity of names, there is great difference in the nature of their inhabitants. Miss Willcocks' folk are generally genial; and have retained some of the old-world illusions. She writes with insight, and sympathy; and thoroughly well entertains. The book suffers through its necessary disconnectedness; but there is full measure of entertainment to be won from "The Wind Among the Barley." Mr. Pickthall's novel is not so confident and happy. He has no illusions about village life, and presents us with rather an unpleasant series of people. The story has mainly to do with a retired solicitor who would be a landed gentleman, and brings himself into conflict with some detestable yokels over a question of common rights. The subject needs deft characterization; and that is what in this case it particularly lacks. Mr. Pickthall has done better work than "Larkmeadow."

Mrs. Philip de Crespigny is the only author in this group of nine who approaches the shocker. In the best part, the beginning, of "The Five of Spades" she promises us lurid excitements, better written than usual; but too soon—at the tossing of a coin—we guess who is the hidden culprit; and thenceforward the interest lapses and the style becomes looser, until we cease to care anything about hero, heroine—another Alison—or anyone else. Simon Armytage had been accused of cheating at cards. He had brought an action for defamation of character, obtained a farthing damages; and that had damned him. Much more might have been made of the tale; and, truly, we are surprised that such a nice couple, as Simon and Alison are meant to be, should have cared even twopence for the sort of society they seemed eager not to lose, and whose rudenesses they suffered from. A colony of empty brainpans!

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "Lamorna" is a capable and clever work; but she has over-drawn her characters, making Lamorna too good and quite unnecessarily clever, for a heroine, and Wigan the villain, villainous indeed. He wants to marry her: she loves another—an artistic person: and she is artistic too. Wigan, therefore, says, "Very well, I shall expose Pansy"; and Pansy, Lamorna's flighty cousin, could not afford to be so exposed, because she had behaved very indiscreetly with Colonel Auray, and was herself engaged to be married. So, you see, there was a pretty kettle of fish for somebody's frying! Fortunately Lamorna would not budge; and we have happy endings. Quite a good story of the sentimental sort; and one that is worth reading.

Of the earnestness of Mrs. Milne Rae there can be no question. "A Bottle in the Smoke" is one more attempt to deal with that more-than-difficult question of the relations of the whites with the half-caste or coloured folk. Doubtless, this is a question of complexity, and Mrs. Milne Rae deserves great credit for her courage in tackling a not over-worked subject and for the conscientious earnestness of her endeavour. The dialogue is a little too copper-plate; but that is a fault on the right side. It means over-care, which is better than under-care. The many who appreciate serious fiction will be interested in this novel, and will, probably, amply approve the humane endeavours of Mark Cheveril and pretty Hester.

Last comes Mr. W. B. Maxwell, with "General Mallock's Shadow"—a fine and moving story, written with sincerity, force and success. It is a sad telling, no doubt; but the ending is happy and completely redeeming. Once on a time General Maxwell had surrendered Andalkund. He had maintained the defence under great odds, and had then only given up on the specific condition that the women and children in his charge should be spared. The pledge was given; and then was broken. The women and children were slaughtered; and General Mallock had to bear a heavy burden of responsibilities for the lapse. The Shadow gathered about him. He was asked by the War Office to resign. His friends gradually dropped him. People kind to his children would not be kind to him; he was slighted, injured, wronged. Death would have been a happier fate; but, true man, he held by his ideals, though isolation soon seared him with some of its effects; until, fifteen years afterwards, the opportunity came, and he recovered honour and standing. There was a strike. The miners had the idea that Gilchrist, a tyrannous superintendent, was hiding in the General's house. They tried to secure him by violence. General Maxwell resisted, stood the siege, organised his men-servants; and so not only won back his reputation, but recovered himself. The hour of crisis had brought out the man; even the War Office for once redeemed itself. This is a stirring, admirable book. Its every character lives and is real. B.B.B.

Novel Notes.

THE HAPPY FAMILY. By Frank Swinnerton. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Swinnerton has placed the scenes of his new novel for the most part in the drab, shabby-genteel neighbourhood of Kentish Town, and he tells a very natural, very human story of everyday people with a sympathetic understanding of them, and with real power. In the Amerson family he has drawn a group of characters, such as may be found in many a lower middle class London street, and has drawn them so minutely, with such subtle analytical touches that long before the book ends one knows them as intimately as if one had lived under the same roof with them. Their story, with all its little ambitions, hopes, loves and weaknesses, is just the natural, unsensational

sort of story that makes up the lives of average humanity, but it holds our interest unerringly because of the interest we grow to feel in each one of the Amersons, especially in Mary and her love for Roger Bennett. A more original character, and perhaps even more interesting, is the brighter, more perverse, less staid and gentle Viola Bright —she is a veritable creation, and Mr. Swinnerton not only describes her charm, he makes us susceptible to it. The story has humour; it moves in its somewhat grey atmosphere with a lightness and buoyancy that make very attractive reading, and it is written with a deftness and ripe ability that give Mr. Swinnerton's work claims to be considered as literature. In a word, this is a novel of much more than ordinary interest and capacity, and will add appreciably to its author's steadily growing reputation.

TAMSIE. By Rosamond Napier. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Tamsie" is a powerful novel, written in a strong vivacious style and exhibiting a keen insight into human nature and an abundant acquaintance with the wild, gypsy life of the last century. Tamsie is the ward of a clever Egyptologist, who is astonished at finding himself suddenly in love with her. Because of his age and poverty he decides he cannot marry her, and returns to Egypt alone. David Guest has known Tamsie's guardian in Egypt, and has adequate reasons for disliking him, and for wishing to cut himself off from his own people. Therefore he joins a band of Romanies and wanders with them from place to place. By a strange chance he and Tamsie come together and their mutual unhappiness forms a bond between them which gradually ripens into a deeper feeling. The lives of the gypsies and the "Gorgios," or gentiles, mingle together delightfully, though it is from the gypsy portion that the book derives its glorious atmosphere of freedom—an atmosphere that is sufficiently tinged with sordidness, to convey a sharp impression of reality. The character studies are admirable. Miss Napier has a vivid, virile, picturesque English, which can scarcely be too highly praised.

ELIZABETH, BETSY AND BESS. By Lily Schofield. 6s. (Duckworth.)

"I considered Elizabeth to be very good, Betsy middling and stupid, and Bess very naughty and exciting; yet they were the same person, and that person was myself." So says the heroine of Mrs. Lily Schofield's new book; a heroine rather difficult to understand and sympathise with, but, nevertheless, an interesting character study. The story is appropriately divided into four parts: "Betsy," "Bess," "Elizabeth," and "Which?" From these divisions one can gather the lines on which it runs. Betsy is introduced to us first: a little wild Irish girl, living in a big house on the borders of a bogland; her mother is dead and her father hardly ever notices her, until one day he sees how tall she is growing and decides to send her off to a boarding school in England. She hates the idea of boarding school and prefers her free, lonely life, so she goes to the school rebelliously and turns into Bess. Her many adventures, her weird visit to a convent, her friendship with Aveline Urquhart (a fine character), and the love story of Drake Marsden, are told in an easy, light style that makes the book very entertaining reading.

THE DEBT. By William Westrup. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mr. Westrup's new book is in our opinion one of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most readable, South African novels we have ever come across. The story is concerned with the development of the character of Harry Ryan, who saves the life of a young "city man" in the person of Frank Lensford. In return the latter—a sympathetic and exceedingly well-drawn character—introduces young Ryan to life in Johannesburg, where the latter eventually gets into bad company, arouses the jealousy of Feinbaum, the villain of the story, and by him is involved in a very serious difficulty. It is hardly fair to give away the manner in which Lensford repays the debt he owes to Ryan; it must suffice to say that the scheme of the book is ingeniously worked out to its inevitable conclusion. Mr. Westrup's writing is full of picturesque vigour, and his sincerity is obvious. "The Debt" is really a fine novel, and a close and accurate study of character.

MRS. LANCELOT. By Maurice Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)

The Meredithian manner wears off as this novel proceeds; or rather it remains a manner, and never develops into the genuinely Meredithian spirit, even when the author is handling a situation in which Georgiana stands not far off Diana or Aminta. "A comedy of assumptions," he calls it. That is, the girl, a grey, shy, slim creature, is married to an ambitious young politician, without either being stirred to the realities of love and passion. Charles Lancelot assumed he was desirable, Georgiana assumed she was desired. Then came her friendship with the Duke, whom it is not difficult to identify. It was not his doing that their friendship was only platonic, and the strongest scene in the whole novel, apart from the last, is Georgiana's refusal to be his mistress. In these scenes, and especially in the description of the young poet's rapturous pursuit of the woman, Mr. Hewlett allows the reader to feel that there is red blood in the veins of his characters. "Two men love you," says this bold lover, "but you love neither. How can a woman avail unless she love? It is her whole nature. It is her function. Without it she is a phantom, an empty vase. Lovely you are, but you are empty. Love." So Georgiana loves, and the two men who love her, her husband and the Duke, magnanimously let the poet have her. Why he fascinates her is not obvious. Why she fascinates the Duke is still less clear. It is not intellectually, for Georgiana was neither an Aspasia nor an Egeria, and at first at any rate it was not sentimentally. Neither does the figure of the Duke become real against the background of the opposition to the Reform Bill. These are points where Mr. Hewlett's exceeding cleverness has made him so preoccupied with his puppets and their wires that he has forgotten to mix reality with their ingenious comedy, forgotten to realize that such assumptions as he sets in motion create a situation in which people must be hot and direct sometimes. But it is a subtle novel, when all is said and done, subtly conceived and subtly—too subtly—written.

THE LOVERS. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Phillpotts has cast back to the period and scene of the "American Prisoner," and written another romance of love and adventure in his best style. The tors are here, but they are not too much in evidence. Now and then the reader is reminded of them in the background, but it is mainly in descriptive passages. "Little larks rose and fluttered before the pedestrians; sometimes a lizard scrambled off a mossy stone; sometimes a grass snake uncurled and streamed away at their approach. The rolling hills spread and faded into the mist of the horizon. Sheep and cattle clothed the undulations; and other signs of life there were none save where, still far away upon the immense bosom of the Moor, there spread a grey circle of granite, dwarfed by distance to a mere fairy-ring cast here in midmost desolation of the tors." Once the tors are at this distance, Mr. Phillpotts is free to look at life rather more genially than usual on Dartmoor, and though this book has its own touch of tragedy, there is no lowering cloud of destiny over the characters. A book with such a title could hardly be anything else than a "romance," and escapes of prisoners from the Dartmoor prison naturally form the staple of the plot. But the girls outside, aristocratic and rustic, and their Tory fathers, are drawn with the author's skill in portraiture, and he has thrown in some gay highwaymen. The contrivance by which Felix escapes the gallows is not quite new. Still, it is worked out with every detail of ghastly excitement. Probabilities had to be strained a little to round off the book with four happy lovers, and we had much rather Mr. Phillpotts took some liberties in this direction than in the service of a fatalistic theory which reduces men and women to the level of lizards and

cattle. He has forgotten to be philosophic. But, even in describing adventures, he has not forgotten that style and characterization are essential to a fine romance—and "The Lovers" is a fine romance from start to finish.

DR. TUPPY. By Stephen Townesend. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The very name of the hero suggests something unheroic and even disrespectful. It was when Mr. Jingle called Mr. Tupman "Tuppy," that the mild Mr. Pickwick was moved to fling an inkstand at the audacious creature who ventured to insult his friend by abbreviating his name. But Dr. Tuppy was not originally Dr. Tupman. He was a medical student of that name in London, a foolish-looking, short-sighted, shy, little man, the butt of his colleagues and the byword of the wards for clumsiness. Humorous books of a medical cast are apt to be full of horseplay or of technical phraseology, which makes them unattractive to the outside public. Mr. Townesend has avoided these errors, and put some clever characterization into his story. It is a whimsical piece of work, which traces the adventures of the hero in love and medicine, till the "fool" comes out with all the honours. There are some delightful scenes of social comedy, not only in the hospital but in the house of the eccentric Canon, who is Tuppy's father, and the novel is a decided success in its own rather fresh and difficult line. The love-affair of Nurse Jessop and the anti-vivisectionist enterprise of Lady Milner make delightful reading. Dr. Tuppy was closely bound up with both, and he proves himself a chivalrous little lover and a loyal nephew, who is rewarded richly at the end. There is a vein of good fun in the book, which deserves to win a circle of grateful readers; they will be relieved perhaps, as the present reviewer was, to find that an up-to-date medical novel has escaped any reference to the Insurance Act.

THE VIRGIN FORTRESS. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)

The stories of Mr. Max Pemberton never lack colour, and it is generally the glowing colour of romance and high adventure. With the impregnable city of Metz, the Virgin Fortress, for the setting, and the time of the Franco-Prussian war for the period of his new novel, Mr. Pemberton has a splendid opportunity for a series of breathless doings, and he makes excellent use of it. The story is mainly concerned with the daring escapades of a small band of German spies who pass in and out of Metz during the siege. Attached to this band is an Englishman, a Captain Gerald, who has entered the German army because he believes it to be the finest in the world. "He had been born a soldier, with a soldier's brains. Life stood to him for an adventure, with one woman (or more) at the back of it." The reader will find that one woman, and more indeed, connected with the gallant captain's feats of espionage in the Virgin Fortress, and that Mr. Pemberton has contrived a number of thrilling incidents, which by reason of their sheer effrontery capture and hold in thrall the imagination.

LETTERS TO A PRISON. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

These letters, written by a young wife to her husband in prison, are full of tenderness and poetic fancy. Innocent, though silent in his innocence for the sake of another, the man is sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and his wife goes alone to the little Welsh village where they met twelve months before, to write to him the sympathetic, interesting letters gathered into this book. She tries to give him as much of the outside world as pen and paper can convey; paints him word pictures of the things and people around her; there is a pretty romance of the Welsh girl, Nesta and blind David, her lover, which threads its way through the letters, but the chief charm of the book lies in its fresh, bracing, open-air atmosphere, the fulness of life and colour introduced into its pages, its impressionistic word pictures, its kindly philosophy; there is a gentle background of pathos which gives a pensive tone to its thoughts without making them altogether sad.

Photo by Searle-Bros. **Mr. St. Clair Harnett.**
Author of "Rusted Hinges." (Andrew Melrose.)

RUSTED HINGES. By St. Clair Harnett. 6s. (Andrew Melrose.)

Mr. St. Clair Harnett is a bold man. It is not every newcomer into literary life that would dare to signalize his arrival by a prompt acceptance of the challenge of any well-known literary weekly to produce "a novel on a new plan." We can add without any mental reservation however, that we admire Mr. Harnett's new form of novel equally with his courage. He has not, it seemed, troubled to invent a heroine of surpassing loveliness or a hero of uncommon dexterity and bravery, but he has essayed to make the actual reader of "Rusted Hinges" in turn his hero and heroine, and has conducted them through a series of adventures from Malplaquet to an isle near Crete, from Fontainebleau to a romance laid in Tintagel, and has moved at ease from the spacious days of Henry IV. of France to the bitter faction fights in the old Italian town of Lucca. In all these varied and widely separated scenes he has found love, laughter, material for thought, and oftentimes deeds that provoke tears. Some of the events are woven wholly of "the stuff that dreams are made of"; other characters come stalking down to us from the great legends of chivalry or those blood-stained records of bygone times when brave men died, and died for love. Mr. Harnett calls himself "the old dream merchant," and this series of dissolving pictures that he has invented has many of the haunting and elusive qualities of the visions that deck our lives in the still hours of the night. In fact, he contends that each of us is naturally born into this dream world "a king or queen, the lord of a boundless territory, a golden land where always summer reigns, a refuge in which boredom cannot enter, nor sameness pall." True, we throw it away with ease, but he contends that we so abandon unwittingly the means of "letting-in upon our drab prosaic lives a flood of beauty and romance"; hence the "Rusted Hinges" of the title.

LONDON LAVENDER. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

It is said that Mr. E. V. Lucas prefers to call his stories "Entertainments" rather than novels; it is a wise preference—for the word novel may denote anything from, say, "Richard Feverel" to "Dr. Nikola," whereas an entertainment honestly named must be entertaining. That "London Lavender" may be thus honestly described will

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The Task of Social Hygiene Large crown 8vo. 8/6 net — Havelock Ellis

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be obvious to the reader of the first chapter, and will become only more patently so as he passes on from episode to episode until he reaches—all too soon—the brevity of the last one, and closes the book reluctantly, and lingeringly recalls the pleasant company of people to whom the author has introduced or re-introduced him. Re-introduced, because Mr. Lucas allows characters from the trio of earlier entertainments—"Over Bemerton's," "Listener's Lure," and "Mr. Ingleside"—to "break in" to the new story. What is that story? It were as helpful to describe the sight and scent of a plump well-established floriferous lavender bush in August as to summarise this book in a paragraph that should attempt to indicate the story. And after all, it is not the story, in the conventional sense, it is the naturalness, the varied but never unpleasant humanity the lightness of humour, the urbane satire, the "atmosphere" by which Mr. Lucas first charms us and then holds us spell bound. There is something of delicate comedy—the comedy which is more antipodal to farce than is tragedy itself—in this delicate presentation of, and comment on modern London life which the suppositious Mr. Falconer gives in the story of his life in rooms in the Regent's Park district. Mr. Lucas has most happily utilised the gifts of an essayist in the field of fiction, and has given us as it were something of a new *genre*, in which clever characterisation of people, descriptions, incidents, and musings are blent into a most engaging whole.

The Bookman's Table.

JOHN JONATHAN AND COMPANY. By James Milne. 5s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

The title page goes on: "Being a full, true and particular record with observations, reflections and confessions of a bachelor honeymoon over the Atlantic, through America and Canada, and home again to England, all duly set down in a proper manner: with a frontispiece by Charles Pears." Which very concisely and intelligibly describes the scope and nature of Mr. James Milne's delightfully gossipy chronicle. He, or the imaginary writer, is engaged and near marriage, and the lady of his heart gets fearful that there may be "the possibility of a doubt in my man's heart about you," so she sends him away on a holiday tour that he may, in absence, make quite sure she is the woman of his life, "the undoubted one," and also that she may, in the same interval, test herself. This book is the outcome of that experiment, and in it the traveller not only keeps a pleasant, shrewdly observant record of his journey, places he visits and people he meets, but he sows it thickly with his reflections on life and the great problems of existence, as what he sees and hears by the way give rise to them. It is all done in the form of letters to the girl who has been left behind, and some of the musings and bits of philosophy are suggested by his recollections of their past talks together, as "You were right; the small talk of the heart is more in marriage than worldly prosperity, although that smooths the path greatly and is not to be sneered at." On the voyage he describes and discusses his fellow passengers. There is a finely realised picture of New York and some suggestive probing after the soul of that sleepless city; clever studies of American women, and comparisons of them with the women of the old country. One of the best chapters deals with the American maid and man, and concludes that the system of making the girl a sort of comrade and general sister, though it has advantages, has even more disadvantages. "The perfume of mystery which fills the air between the sexes in the Old World carries with it a want of comradeship, the easy, delightful American communion between the sexes which is platonic and beautiful, But does it not breathe romance, sentiment, that something spiritual, that poetry of the soul which you miss in America?" America is sentimental, says Mr. Milne, but lacks sentiment, and he illustrates his meaning with some admirable instances. From America the traveller proceeds to Canada, and every Canadian ought to read the good and the true things Mr. Milne has to say of the great Dominion. Incidentally he relates some excellent anecdotes about the present Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, and pays a warm tribute to him as "the Prince of Democrats." "He has many graces," a well-known Canadian said to me, "but no airs." This is a charmingly written and altogether interesting book. Whether you are married, or going to be married, or resolved never to marry at all, you will read it with profit and with keen enjoyment.

THE CUMBERLAND LETTERS: Being the Correspondence of Richard Denison Cumberland and George Cumberland between the Years 1771 and 1784. Edited by Clementina Black and now printed for the first time. 16s. net. (Martin Secker.)

All readers with a liking for good familiar gossipy letters will feel warmly grateful to Miss Clementina Black for having rescued these documents from the limbo of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, and as they reach the close of the volume will gladly recall that line in the preface which announces a further selection from the Cumberland Letters as now in preparation. The brothers whose correspondence is now put before us were second cousins of the dramatist, men who made no stir in the world but who now enjoy a literary resurrection which should give them a comfortable niche among the delightful company of familiar letter-writers. The elder brother went to Cambridge and became a country clergyman, the younger early entered an insurance office—soon to be irked by the "desk's dead wood" as was Charles Lamb a little later at the East India House—and they kept up from their different centres a pleasant correspondence, telling of their own doings, of family affairs, and occasionally of notable public events. On the day before the "Royal George" sank Richard Cumberland had been all over the vessel with a cousin, and wrote a description of the tragedy from Portsmouth, adding "Don't send any extracts from this to the *Morning Post*, as it is wrote in a hurry and I cannot be certain as to the numbers lost, etc." This indicates that, besides his many other activities, George contributed occasionally to the papers. He was a very busy person, with many interests of his own and ever depended upon to be doing services for others; yet he found time to write admirable letters, and stands out in this volume as a very engaging personality. The correspondence affords fresh light on the middle-class social life of the latter part of the eighteenth century, and is one of the most welcome works of the kind that we have had for some time.

Richard Denison Cumberland, aged 21.
From "The Cumberland Letters." (Secker.)

ROUGH ROADS. By Dyke Wilkinson. 2s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

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ago, and of which he speaks in his preface in a manner that can only be described as blatant. This preface, in fact, is a mistake, and we very strongly recommend prospective readers not to look at it. It is utterly unlike the rest of the book and might easily give the reader an entirely wrong impression. Aside from the preface, the first thing that strikes you is the author's remarkable frankness. He assumes that everything he tells you is going to interest you, and—probably for this very reason—it does. As he is possessed of none of the literary graces, this is exactly the right attitude to adopt. Mr. Wilkinson is resolved to tell the exact truth about himself, and his sincerity—sometimes almost shameless—makes his book absolutely enthralling. His experiences have been varied. He started as an apprentice to a rule-maker in Birmingham, disliked his job, ran away, and eventually got two months in gaol for breaking his articles. He was then an inventor and had thoughts of becoming a parson. However, he fell in love, wrote poetry, ran away, and became an actor for a few months. Later he was a manufacturing jeweller, journalist, newspaper proprietor and editor. He took up an "infallible" betting system and lost all his money at it, and this experience really determined the greater part of his life. "I would not admit defeat; that which had broken me should mend me again." And so eventually he became a bookmaker. We should never have suspected that members of "old firms" could be so interesting, and indeed there is little room for doubt that Mr. Wilkinson is an exceptional case. However, the point is that he has written a book which must appeal to everybody, not only the betting man. It is a truly extraordinary autobiography.

THE SHADOW SHOW. By J. H. Curle. 5s. (Methuen.)

In place of the stanza from Omar, which gives the book its name, Mr. Curle, who has a taste for familiar quotation, might have set on his title page the well-known lines from Tennyson's "Ulysses." For he has certainly seen "cities and men." Few can have travelled more widely. His profession of mining engineer would of itself take him about the world, but Mr. Curle has the wander-thirst highly developed. He was in South Africa when Jameson made his raid, and was one of the chosen "revolutionaries." He knows China and Persia and India, South America and all Europe. He has not only seen but reflected and compared. His reflections are often to the point. When he writes of the abstract, he is not amazingly original. On politics, however, he has some words of wisdom. Typically British, compact of common sense and sentiment, he believes in sound finance as the chief essential of sound government, and can write of Ireland and South Africa with sympathy and imagination. It is not for his ideas, however, but for his power of description that he should be read. The first (and best) part of "The Shadow Show" might be the work of an exceptionally good special correspondent, vividly retailing things seen. His chapters on South Africa and the East are worthy to rank with the work of G. W. Steevens, and may be compared with "From Sea to Sea" without too great disparagement. If Mr. Curle had been a journalist, he would probably have made a big name. He has a really remarkable power of catching and conveying an impression. What he describes, he makes one see. He has had many unusual experiences: as, on a small scale, when he conducted an operation to the tune of the "Mikado's Song," or, on a larger scale, when he shared in the excitement of the Raid. He is one of the people to whom things are always happening. Even when he visited Stevenson's grave in Samoa, he was struck by the sun and lay on that famous tomb in a most entertaining delirium. There seems no reason why Mr. Curle should not write another such book. We hope he will. But if he do so, we would humbly advise him to reflect that there are dozens of writers who can opinionate much better than he, but very few who can describe nearly so well or have a tithe of the experiences worth describing.

JAPAN AS I SAW IT. By A. H. Exner. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrold & Sons.)

Without any useless prefatory apology or any of the claims which so monotonously appear as forewords to the literary efforts of tourists, the author of "Japan as I Saw It" proceeds straightway to tell the reader what he has learned of the history of Nippon from standard books, and what impressions he has gathered of the Mikado's subjects during his sojourn in the Sunrise Empire; and to such good purpose has he studied existing literature and used his eyes and ears, that when allowance has been made for the fact that he has nothing new to tell, and that his investigations were necessarily perfunctory, the volume is eminently readable and useful, and those who wish to gain luminous impressions of the land and people of Nippon without going there cannot do better than obtain it. The *résumé* of Japanese history with which Mr. Exner begins, while omitting nothing of great importance, has the merit of being short, plainly written, and accurate. His running comments are unprejudiced. Here and there, however, he loses the thread of historical sequence. To mention a single instance, he first describes (on p. 78) the participation of the Japanese troops in the suppression of the Boxer troubles of 1900–1, and then (on p. 79) retraces his steps and mentions the China-Japan war of 1894–5, in doing so using the phrase "a couple of years before" to denote the interim between 1894–5 and 1900–1. He does not attempt much word-painting, but he is observant and his descriptions of scenery, temples, and bazaars, though they make no pretence to literary brilliance, do quite vividly reveal real Japan to the reader. He escapes many errors into which the tourist is usually betrayed. The value of the volume is greatly enhanced by numerous collotype illustrations and half-tone reproductions of artistic prints and drawings.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

The latest addition to Messrs. Mills & Boon's series of travel impressions is something more than a readable volume. It is possessed of real importance. Miss E. S. Stevens has already made a reputation as a writer upon Oriental subjects, and she is quite at her best in **My Sudan Year** (10s. 6d. net), a clever study of the peoples of the Sudan and their rulers. The book affords a critical but sympathetic study of the English Government and officials, who have done much during the last ten years to advance the progress of one of the most backward of countries. The volume contains forty very effective illustrations.

MR. W. J. HAM-SMITH.

In **Written in the Sand** (6s.) Mr. G. R. Duval tells the story of a man's love for a woman who realized his worth too late. The main incidents are enacted on the yellow sands of Sahara, where Eric Lagarde, a young French officer, is stationed at the Arab village of Douz. Lagarde had overcome the monotony of the desert; he enjoyed to the full its wonderful beauty, and revelled in the freedom of the life. Then came to him one day Lady Rosalind Karth, with a letter from his General requesting that every attention should be offered to her on her travels. Rosalind, who was tired of "Society," and was attempting to throw convention to the winds and lead a more or less Bohemian existence, came upon Lagarde as a beautiful vision. She sets out with him on an expedition which was not without danger, but the prospect of being with her and seeing her all day long decided him. And this was the first act in a tragedy which is told with considerable power and with sustained interest.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

Her Majesty the Flapper, by A. E. James (6s.), is a light series of episodes in the life of a school-girl. The Flapper and her cousin Bobbie take turn about in writing the stories. We are told, amongst other things, how the—we were going to say "young lady," but that appellation hardly fits her, so let it be "Flapper"—being desirous of joining her parents at Southampton *en route* for a sea trip, tries to induce Bobbie to aid her in running away from school; when he fails to do so an unknown gallant obligingly drives her in his car. And so the narratives pursue their way through the length of twelve chapters. At the age of seventeen the Flapper has to submit to the authority of a chaperone, and her comments on this functionary, though hardly edifying, are certainly amusing. We cannot but feel some sympathy with Bobbie in his attempts to help her in sundry difficult scrapes, but the inevitable ending compels us to leave them to aid each other.

RUDYARD KIPLING

From a Camera Portrait specially taken for "The Bookman" by E. O. Hoppé.

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